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POLITICAL EDUCATION.

"The most active or busy man, that hath been or can be, hath, no question, many vacant times of leisure: and then the question is but how those spaces and times of leisure shall be filled or spent; whether in pleasures or in studies."

Advancement of Learning, lib. 1.

CITIZENSHIP, like every other relation of life, has its peculiar duties, rights, and privileges, with which it imports the citizen to be thoroughly acquainted, because the knowledge he possesses of their nature, extent, and importance, must ever be the measure of his usefulness and respectability, as a member of the commonwealth. To communicate this knowledge is the object of a particular kind of instruction or discipline, which has with propriety been called a political education. The proposition, then, that every man should receive this kind of education, is the same as that every citizen should be taught what functions he has to discharge, what rights to exert and defend, what engagements he is placed under to his country, and what interests he is bound to watch over and protect. This is the political information we would impart to every man in England. Those who object to its unlimited diffusion must take their choice of one of the three following absurdities: they must maintain that there are classes of the people who ought not to be considered in the light of citizens; or they must say that citizenship has no peculiar rights and duties, the correct apprehension of which may be facilitated by education; or they must go yet a step further in folly, and contend, that duties are not likely to be the better performed for being the better understood; nor rights to be the more discreetly exercised for having their limits ascertained with the greater precision; nor privileges to be the more regarded for having their value the more clearly pointed out and illustrated. One of these three positions the objectors are compellable to take up; for if it be true that every man in the community is a citizen, and if citizenship has its proper obligations and rights, and if those who are instructed in their rights and obligations are likely to exercise the former and fulfil the latter more discreetly, firmly, intelligently, and patriotically, than those who are acquainted with them but imperfectly, or not at all, then is the argument for the political education of all classes of the people as complete as any argument can be.

We do not hesitate to say, that we would have every man in the country a politician. To be a politician, does not consist, as some shallow persons

seem to suppose, in neglecting one's trade or family to attend to the affairs of the state;—that is, to play Quidnunc in the farce, and to be an idler and busy-body, not a politician. It does not consist in making the club, or the coffee-room, or the ale-house, ring with our attacks on this measure, or our eulogies on that; nor in neglecting the Bible for the Examiner; nor in talking of nothing but protocols and plenipotentiaries, and questions affecting the fate of empires; nor in seizing every one we meet by the button, and detaining him in captivity until we have made him privy to all our crude or fanciful opinions on the subject of the American constitution or the East India charter;—this were an excellent claim to the title of bore,—none whatever to that of politician. By a politician, we mean a very different sort of character; we mean a man who possesses as correct information as he can get respecting the laws he is bound to obey, and the constitution by which he lives and moves and has his social or political being; a man who is aware that, as a citizen, he has certain rights to exercise (for instance, the rights of voting and petitioning,) and certain obligations to fulfil (for instance, the obligation to obey the laws,) and who takes pains to acquaint himself with their nature, their value, and their extent, in order to use his power rationally and discharge his duty faithfully. The politician, in our acceptation of the term, is one who, whether he speaks on the question of free trade, or church reform, or any other question of vital moment, if he does not discover depth, or display erudition, at least avoids absurdity, and shews that his understanding has not been unexercised upon subjects in which the whole community, and perhaps the whole human race, is interested: he thinks it better to have some little insight into these matters than to be utterly in the dark; and he therefore dedicates some portion of the day (rescued from frivolous occupations or vicious pleasures) to the acquiring of some information, however elementary, upon topics which, if they do not concern him as a citizen, most probably affect him as a man. When political questions are under discussion, he feels an honourable intellectual pride in evincing a knowledge of things that are level to his capacity; while, at the same time, his mind is too well principled, he has too much good sense, and too much honesty, to deliver peremptory opinions without the previous enquiries necessary to the formation of a correct judgment—to lend himself to propagate error, and consequently (to some extent or other) prejudice the general welfare, speeding on in his ignorance, like hundreds about him, retailing the stupidities of others, or originating nonsense of their own.

We are too apt to forget or undervalue the importance, or what Lord Bacon calls “the edge and weight of words;” we are too apt to forget that falsehood may be propagated as well as truth, and that the gift of speech may be made the instrument of circulating the drivellings of a Londonderry as well as the solid reasoning of a Plunket. We do not sufficiently reflect that every uttered sentiment, whether it fall from the tongue of philosopher or fool, goes to the mass of public opinion, which, if it be composed of ignorance more than knowledge, descends with fatal gravitation upon society, crushing public prosperity under the weight of popular infatuation. Political ignorance is national calamity. A country has as many domestic enemies as there are minds in the community unenlightened upon their social interests and duties: and this is the more particularly true when there is a free constitution and an unenslaved press; for then there is a public opinion; and what is public opinion but the sum of the

opinions of all the people? Not a sentence is uttered but a unit is added to that sum: are we well informed, we add truth; are we misinformed or uninformed, we add falsehood or folly; then the nation casts up the account: if the truth exceed the falsehood and the folly, it is well;—if the excess is on the other side, a balance is struck against the general weal; some foolish war is embarked in; some mischievous tax laid on; some patriotic effort defeated; some monopoly confirmed; some great principle of constitution or commerce forced to wait half a century more, until the tide of intelligence is high enough to carry it over the perilous reefs of prejudice and error.

As to the opinion so often expressed, that politics is something with which the people in general have nothing to do, and that to turn their attention to it is to divert it from the pursuits of industry and those occupations on which their livelihood depends, we have the authority of Grattan for holding it very lightly. "I disagree," says that eminent statesman, "with the vulgar and courtly notion that political discussion idles a nation;" and he gives the following admirable and deep reason for thus differing from the ordinary way of thinking upon this subject: "politics," he observes, "are the trade of the few, because they are a mystery to the many." Lord Bolingbroke, in the essay on parties, has a fine passage to the same effect: "the preservation of our free government in its purity and vigour is the interest and duty of every man; there is no one who cannot contribute to the advancement of this great point; the old may inform the young, and the young may animate the old." But what need to multiply authorities on a point so clear as to be level (to borrow an illustration once used by my Lord Brougham) even to the faculties of a Goulburn? Until we have been shewn a man who has no political tie or political interest, we shall never be persuaded there is any one who has no need of political education.

With gross, but not very surprising, inconsistency, the self-same party, which uniformly arrays itself against every plan for diffusing that kind of useful knowledge we contend for amongst all classes of the people, is ever the foremost and fiercest in inveighing against them for every breach, how slight soever, of their duty as citizens. They will not suffer us to explain to the labouring classes upon what principles governments are established, upon what grounds property should be respected, and how just, and reasonable, and advantageous a thing it is to yield obedience to the laws and constituted authorities of the country; yet they are ever branding them with disaffection, and accusing them of schemes of spoliation; nay more,—let the slightest excess be committed, let the people swerve in the least degree from those rules of citizen-like conduct which they will not permit us to inculcate on their minds by books, by newspapers, by lectures, or by any method whatever, and straightway they invoke justice to unsheath her sword, and call upon parliament to give it a keener edge by new and more severe enactments. The people must be loyal and obedient, and of all things they must be religiously regardful of the rights of property; but to teach them these good lessons, no other proposal will be listened to but special commissions and county gaols, and no schoolmaster be suffered to go abroad amongst them but the executioner. As to education, it is the established creed of noble lords and right reverend prelates, that to instruct a man in his duty is the surest way to make him violate it,—so widely does the philosophy of the here-

ditary chamber differ from that of Bacon, who in his *Advancement of Learning* has the following passage. "For that other conceit, that education should undermine the reverence of laws and government, it is assuredly a mere calumny without shadow of truth. For to say that a blind custom of obedience should be a surer obligation than duty taught and understood, it is to affirm that a blind man may tread surer by a guide than a seeing man can by a light. And it is without all controversy that learning doth make the minds of men gentle, maniable, and pliant to government; whereas ignorance makes them churlish, refractory, and mutinous. And the evidence of history does clear this assertion, considering that the most barbarous, rude, and unlearned times, have been most subject to tumults, seditions, and changes."

Assuredly, if the cause is investigated of lawless and insubordinate habits amongst those orders of society, which, in the contemptuous cant of aristocracy, are called the lower—if those bursts of popular fury, which are occasionally fatal to order, property, and life—of incendiarism in England and whiteboyism in Ireland—of the murder of policemen and tithe-proctors in Kilkenny, and the Wetherell riots and conflagrations in Bristol,—it will be found, that the root of the disease is ignorance, and the remedy for it education. "They be the clouds of error," says the great apostle of intellect we have just quoted, "which descend in the storms of passions and perturbations." Contrast the situations of an unenlightened populace and an educated people. Does physical hardship fall on the former, they have no rational resource; passion has full sway over their actions; in many cases they mistake the quarter from which their distress arises; in most cases they mistake the quarter from which relief must proceed; they are consequently hurried into intemperate courses, which aggravate their sufferings, disgust their friends, and give triumph and advantage to their enemies. Now let knowledge be disseminated, and mark the change. The man becomes superior to the animal; the mob is exalted into a people; they ponder their circumstances, discover the cause of their adversities, and comport themselves under them like reasonable men; the visitations of divine wisdom they never confound with the inflictions of human crime or folly: afflicted by heaven they submit with resignation; afflicted by man they resist without intemperance; they are calm, united, and resolved; they place their affiance in the principles of liberty; they wield no weapons but their constitutional rights and franchises; they reform without needless innovation; they revolutionize—if reform is impossible—without blood. Such are the fruits of popular instruction; it enables a nation to endure calamity with fortitude, and resist oppression with power.

Were we to consider the effects of political ignorance in detail, we should find that nearly all of the great distempers of society are deducible from this single source. How large a proportion, for example, of the poverty and distress abounding in all countries may be traced to ignorance of that great science, which discovers the fountains and teaches the most beneficial distribution of the wealth of nations. Whence is it, that, while nature

"Pours her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand;"

that while the whole animal, vegetable, and mineral creation are at man's disposal, designed for his use, subjected to his dominion, and more than equal to all his wants, as well artificial as real,—whence is it, we ask, that,

amidst such a profusion of physical resources, there exists, wherever we turn our eyes, so large an amount of physical suffering? It is because human ignorance frustrates the intention of divine bounty; sometimes locking up altogether the springs of wealth; sometimes diverting the stream from public into private channels, and to make one Dives reducing thousands to the estate of Lazarus. It is because commerce is shackled with restrictions and regulations; industry hampered with taxes and monopolies; popular enterprise checked by legislative incapacity: it is because there are aristocratic institutions, (the produce of times when mental darkness covered the face of Europe), occasioning a deplorable waste, and the most iniquitous division of the public stock, and aristocratic establishments profitable to none but military coxcombs and idle churchmen: it is because there are boyish jealousies and barbarous antipathies, where unity of feeling ought to flow from unity of interest: the man of acres scowls at the man of money; the manufacturer and the husbandman alternately defame and worry each other; and the larger compartments of society exhibit the same frenzy; empires, like classes, wasting each other with wars, or consuming each other's strength less ferociously, but not less effectually, by statutes; the new world excluding the produce of the old, and the kingdoms of the old the produce of each other, regardless that there is a commonwealth of nations as well as of individuals—that all the families of the earth are of one fraternity—their interests bound up indissolubly together—mutually dependent on each other for the only prosperity that is durable, and the only glory that is genuine. In fine, the science of political economy is a sealed volume: its golden principles are indeed the study of a few philosophic closets; but they have not yet been melted down into the mass of general intelligence, to the quantity of which the wisdom of those who hold the reins of government will ever be proportioned. The ignorance of the many who obey, may justly be regarded as the cause of the ignorance of the few who rule. Senators ought to be statesmen, there is no doubt; but it is idle to expect it until nations become enlightened. Knowledge must ascend from the people. The mists that are gathered round the summits of society will be the last to disperse.

It is not, unquestionably, to be denied, that mischievous measures originate not seldom with ill-intentioned rather than weak men, and are the suggestions more of base self-interest, than of deficient intellect or foresight. Consider, however, to what it is that such measures are indebted for success; is it not to the non-resistance of the multitude, who either want the proper degree of information to enable them to discern their hurtful tendency, or are too little acquainted with their strength, to deter their rulers from adopting them? We do not mean to do corruption any disparagement; we know how much the guilt of crowns and coronets has added to the sad sum of human evils; but we know also that villany, in a hundred instances, would be impotent, if it had not ignorance at its back, the dupe of its cunning, and the accomplice of its crimes.

The enemies of popular education, albeit they style themselves the conservative party, are the most dangerous agitators of society. They tell us they shudder at the consequences of instructing the people only partially and superficially; and they jump forthwith to the conclusion that it is the safer way not to instruct them all. It never occurs to them that if a little knowledge be dangerous, less knowledge must be still more so; and that the danger must go on increasing ever as knowledge dimi-

nishes, until we arrive at total ignorance, which must, by the force of their own premises, be the most perilous state of all;—so suicidal is the conservative mode of reasoning. For our part, and pretending to no supernatural share of logical skill, we should say, that the remedy for the danger of *little* is *more*; and if that *more* be still but *little*, in comparison with the mass of information yet to be attained, and consequently still liable to the objection of danger, we must only go on, and continually increasing light, “here a little, and there a little,” continually approximate to that perfect state of security which only exists in the full day-light of intelligence.

The true conservative principles are those of the friends of education. They look abroad, and they see that the people are possessed—by what means it is immaterial—of a considerable share of political power; and they remark further that this power is growing greater and greater every day, every struggle between the democratic and the oligarchic principle, terminating in favour of the former. Now political power without political knowledge—“*vis consilii expers*”—is a just object of alarm: they have, therefore, to make their election between two lines of policy, either to reduce the people to their primitive state of civil insignificance, or to raise their understandings up to the level of their new position in the country. To the former course there are two objections;—*first*, its criminality were it practicable, *secondly*, its impracticability were it innocent: the most incorrigible tory in the empire does not dream of checking the growth, much less of abridging the present amount, of popular influence. The advocates of education, therefore, in adopting the latter course, not only act upon a high and sound principle, but actually take the only line of conduct which is open to them to pursue. The only means to strip the political power of the people of its terrors, is to teach them to use it well; in other words, to give them that kind of education which becomes citizens. Thus instructed, they will be no object of apprehension to the enlightened and the honest; the true friends of order and the public good will rejoice in their influence, far from looking at it with alarm; popular power advancing “*pari passu*” with popular intelligence, is formidable to none but those who would prosper by crooked ways, and build their private fortunes on the ruin of the public interest. It is formidable to the boroughmonger, the source of whose greatness is parliamentary corruption; to the churchman, whose cellar and kitchen absorb the tenth of the produce of the land; to the sinecurist, who lives by the sweat of the poor man’s brow; to all the high-born beggars on the pension list; to the men who are great at Newmarket, and glorious at Crockford’s; to the bulk of the peerage, and to the whole ravenous brood of aristocracy, honourable and right honourable,—the Lord Henrys, the Lord Fredericks, and the Lord Johns, who, in the church, the army, the public offices, and the colonies, do the plebeian people the infinite honour to accept their laborious earnings, as a poor return for the benefit and satisfaction of being governed by men, who, if they have no brains in their heads, have coronets upon them; if they have no independent spirit in their breasts, have Norman blood in their veins; if they are not useful in their employments, are illustrious in the Herald’s College. To all such it is natural that the progress of education should be odious and terrible. They hate it, as owls and bats the coming of the sun, or wolves and tigers the clearing of the forest: like the enemies of the Christian faith, “they love darkness more than light, because their deeds are evil.”

THE POET'S PRISON.

I WALKED abroad upon the laughing earth,
 I heard its choristers, I breathed its air,
 I saw the golden morning giving birth
 To countless shapes of beauty new and rare;
 Across the sky a thousand bright clouds swept,
 The voices in their sparkling channels leapt,
 And I was glad, nor thought of bondage or of care.

I came where stood a castle by the brink
 Of a slow river, and its turrets grey
 The streaming exhalations seemed to drink
 Of that dull leaden stream,—unmarked decay
 Had crumbled tower and keep, whose walls accursed
 No velvet moss, nor waving ivy nursed,
 Nor ruin-loving flower, of blossom sweet and gay.

The neighbouring peasants told me they could show
 Where in a dungeon under ground, had pined
 A captive Bard, by some vindictive foe
 In that grim prison even till death confined:
 I entered in,—and O, the bitter shame
 For fellow man,—the weight of grief, which came
 To dim for after days, the sunshine of the mind!

I looked upon the mouldering walls; the hand
 Which might have swept the golden lyre, a prize
 For sweetest minstrelsy in some glad land,
 Where free-born melodies to heaven arise,
 Had traced (its only toil for weary years)
 A mournful chronicle of fruitless tears
 And meteor gleams of hope, and agonising sighs.

Yet here and there, as though the spirit of song
 Had shown her glory in her votary's cell,
 A strain had broken forth, whose current strong
 No tyrant could constrain, no dungeon quell:
 There was a hymn to freedom!—from their graves
 I might have waked to combat coward slaves,
 How could a captive sing of liberty so well?

Anon the chain had fallen round the lyre,
 Stilling those lofty tones to broken lays
 Of cold despair, and passionate desire,
 And wasting memories of brighter days:
 Dreams of the free fresh air,—fond words in token
 Of love, by distance, and by bonds unbroken,
 Carved where the light streamed in with few uncertain rays.

And there were relics too—I wept to find
 Trampled in dust, a braid of golden hair;
 Surely a charm in every tress had twined
 To soothe the captive in his lone despair;
 And on his pallet was a withered flower,
 Was that love's gift?—or in relenting hour
 Had the stern warden brought that treasured blossom there?

And then I thought of days in anguish worn,
 When the sick spirit bowed beneath its weight,
 And gibbering spectres, half of madness born,
 Started from darkness round this couch by night.
 Of those tumultuous hopes, as oft in vain,
 The daring prisoner strove to break his chain,—
 Ah me!—as often crushed by tyrannous despote.

But then a proud thought wakened, of the hour
 When Death's kind angel, from his feverish bed
 Bade him arise, and scorn the despot's power,
 And broke his bonds, and weaved around his head
 The laurel crown, while Heaven's own music near
 Rung in rich strains of promise on his ear,
 And the scorned captive passed to join the mighty dead!

That despot sleeps accursed,—that captive's song
 On earth, while earth remains, shall still live on;
 And he, who holds the scales of right and wrong,
 Hath richly recompensed his gifted son,
 With freedom in the land of heavenly rest,
 Glad meetings with the purified and blest,
 And never ending peace, by patient suffering won!—

HINTS TO PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

WE were much amused the other day with a passage in GERARD DE LAIRESSE'S *Art of Painting*, a volume written about the middle of the last century. It was pointed out to us by a friend whose devotion to art is only equalled by his thirst for the humorous. We particularly thank him for calling our attention to the subject at this exhibition-period of the year, when portraits are among the popular topics.

The instructions laid down for the young painter by Gerard de Lairesse, are expressed with so much simplicity, that, to the meanest capacity, they must be intelligible. Surely, those Painters who have lived since, (the most famous we mean,) must owe their immortality principally to the cut-and-dry rules contained in this most honest book; and hundreds of poor artists whose efforts have perished with their names, must have failed, either through inability to purchase it or ignorance of its existence. How Raffaele or Rosa, Rubens or Rembrandt, managed without it, is marvellous indeed! We recommend Mr. Phillips, whose lectures at the academy have been abused for a lack of variety, to study its contents, with an eye to the more solid edification of the present race of students—and if he has not read it, which we can scarce imagine, we herewith produce a specimen of its contents. The reader of Sir Joshua Reynolds' discourses will be shrewdly suspicious as to the secret source of that admirable flow of language, and those tasteful principles of art, by which they are distinguished, when he shall have perused the following:—

RULES FOR PORTRAITURE.

BOOK VII.

Emblem. *Touching the handling Portraits.*

"Nature, with her many breasts, is in a sitting posture, near her stands a child lifting her garment off her shoulders. On the other side stands Truth, holding a

mirror before her, wherein she views herself down to the middle, and is seemingly surprised at it. On the frame of this glass, are seen a gilt pallet and pencils. Truth has a book and a palm branch in her hand." * * *

Of the application of requisites with respect to the different conditions of persons.

"It will not be foreign to our main design to put the artist in mind of the application and right use of such materials as may enrich a portrait and make it look the more noble ——. Since it is certain that the vices as well as virtues have two powerful qualities, and, though contrary to each other, yet both tend to good purpose; nay, a wicked person may be a virtuous example, be rescued from evil, &c. To come then the better to this excellent point, let us by *noble by-works* make known their virtues, manners, and particular inclinations, and exhibit them with their persons, in a conspicuous manner. Wherefore I shall lay down some examples.—As for a cruel prince, or tyrant, either in his court, apartment, or other place, even in his revels, &c. each requires its proper embellishment: the apartment may be adorned with paintings of all sort of punishments and cruelties, drawn from the blackest parts of history. If it be *NERO*, let all or some of the cruelties of his bloody reign be painted, &c.; his drinking equipage may be ornamented with noxious animals, as serpents, adders, &c.; his chair with tygers, lions, and dragons, &c.; his throne may be supported by *Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, and Pluto*; the floor curiously inlaid with a celestial sphere of *Lapis Lazuli*, &c. If the scene lies in his dining-room the household gods may be seen thrown down in all corners. In fine, every thing that can denote a wicked man or monster, art must exhibit. The same character should also appear in the actions, looks, and dresses of his retinue or guards; for we usually say, "*Like master like man*."

"But not to dwell too long with Princes, we shall speak of other characters, and show what suits them.

"With a Burgomaster suits the statue of Justice; and in paintings or *hangings* some emblems of it, representing the rewards of the good, and punishment of the bad, &c.

"With a Senator agrees the statue of Policy, and in painting or *hangings*, some representations of the laws; *besides prudence and care for the state*.

"With a Secretary, the statue of Harpocrates, also the emblem of *Fidelity*, or a *goose with a stone in its bill*.

"With a Director of the East India Company, the figure of a statue of it, to wit, an heroine with a scollop of mother of pearl on her head, in the nature of an helmet, and thereon a coral branch; a breast ornament of scales, pearls and corals about her neck; buskins on her legs, with two dolphins conjoined head to head, adorned with sea-shells, two large shells on her shoulders, a trident in her hand, and her clothing a long mantle; a landscape behind her of an Indian prospect, with palm and cocoa trees, some figures of blacks, and elephants' teeth.

"This figure also suits an Admiral, or Commander at sea, when a sea fight is introduced instead of a landscape.

"With a *Divine* (qu. Bishop?) agrees the statue of *Truth*, represented in a *christian-like manner*, or else this same emblem in one of his hands, and his other on his breast; besides *hangings, low reliefs, and paintings, and a representation of the Old and New Testament and in the offscap a temple*.

"With a *Sea Insurer* suits *Arion on a dolphin*; and in a picture a sea haven with a ship making towards it; on the shore the figure of *Fortune*, and over the cargo *Castor and Pollux*.

"With a *Steersman* suits the figure of *Precaution*; besides a compass; and in a picture, the four cardinal points.

"With a virtuous young man the figure of *Virtue*; and on a wall *Horace's emblem of the young man in the stadium or course*, or else the young *Hercules* standing between *Virtue* and *Vice*. Some things are also proper to women, to betoken their virtue and qualities.

"With a young and sober virgin suits the figure of *Neatness*; an embroidering frame and its furniture; besides emblems relating to it! among which that of *Business* shunning *Idleness, Pride, and Gluttony* have a principal place."

We could go on extracting to the end of the hundredth page, without stumbling upon any thing less curious than the instructions we have

already quoted. They are enough no doubt, in the reader's opinion as well as in our own, to prove the value of Gerard de Lairesse's lessons, and to suggest an idea of the numberless advantages that would accrue to the world, if our young portrait-painters would but take them seriously to heart. But in case this idea should not strike every body, we will linger a little on the subject, and point out two or three instances of the effect that might be produced by the adoption of Gerard's hints.

Ex. gr. What a misfortune is it for art, and what a loss to society, that Mr. Wilkie never read "Lairesse's Art of Painting." If he had but have seen even these "Hints" before he painted the portrait of the King in the present Exhibition, the world would certainly have enjoyed the benefit of a most instructive and edifying delineation of character. Instead of a mere common-place portrait, we should have seen it adorned with the most fit and anomalous accompaniments. His Majesty would be represented standing between Wellington and Grey, looking as if he were thinking of "how happy could I be with either." A troop of Horse Guards would appear on one side, and a deputation from Birmingham vainly struggling to approach with a petition, on the other. A porter would be holding the half-open door, and saying, "not at home" to the Duke of Sussex; and a little back staircase in the distance would be crowded with company of both sexes, English as well as foreign, watching the turn of the royal eye, and trembling to the tips of their feathers and mustachios, when it fell with a reluctant recognition on the "Peoples' Premier." Two thrones would appear in opposition to each other; a popular one, entwined with vine-leaves and roses, and one on the old principle, encircled with thorns, and propped up with bayonets.

In the Duke of Wellington's portrait would be introduced a bronze Achilles upon brazen crutches, that are nevertheless bending beneath the increasing tendency to fall, which the attitude of the figure denotes. A suit of regimentals, much the worse for wear, and a strait-waistcoat evidently designed for immediate use, are lying in the foreground. The picture must be exceedingly dark, as the windows of the room are boarded up. His Grace might be seated on a file of gazettes, reading the "Standard"—darkness being no impediment to his occupation. The article might be a "Lament for the One-hundred-and-fiftieth Assassination of the late lamented Constitution."

Lord Carnarvon might be painted in the act of presenting a petition for emancipation from the degrading privileges of a peer. A document, called the "Carnarvon Abolition Bill," would be lying near him. In the distance might be a mock-auction—a coronet being put up to sale, but producing no bidders, on account of its inutility.

A very considerable sheet of canvas would be required, for a complete development of all the characteristics of such a sitter as Lord Lyndhurst. "Bills" of all descriptions, private as well as public, and "amendments" invariably devised to work mischief, might be scattered about him. Judicial wigs and political masks should be mingled with them. Independence and honour are seen far off in the path which he might have taken, while that which he travels is terminated by enthrallment, degradation, and remorse.

A "lamp-iron" might appropriately form the principle feature in Lord Wynford's portrait, his Lordship being exhibited in a fit of meditation on the possibility of his being "hanged" upon it (see his speech). The instructions of Gerard de Lairesse would be equally valuable in composing

the accessories to the portraits of Londonderry and Ellenborough, of Wetherell and Peel—and of all who wear the “human face divine” only as a mask to their satyr-like inhumanities.

We should like to see the “Right Reverend Bench” painted upon the principles herein laid down; and the “Gallery of the Lords” might also furnish *matériel* for a “Gallery of female portraits,” that in grotesque and ungraceful qualities would present a most startling contrast to their likenesses, by Lawrence. If delineated as they really are, we should see a revolting deformity mingling with the beauty that had enchained us; and they would themselves perceive, that if they once overstep a certain boundary, they may share the fate of Cinderella, when, at a particular stroke of the clock, she saw her pride and radiance fade away into raggedness.

SONG,

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

A FAIR lady looks out from her lattice—but why
Do tears bedim that lady's eye?
Below stands the knight who her favour wears,
But he mounts not the turret to dry her tears;
He springs on his charger—“Farewell!”—he is gone,
And the lady is left in her turret alone.
“Ply the distaff, my maids—ply the distaff—before
It is spun, he may happen to stand at the door.”

There was never an eye than that lady's more bright,—
Why speeds then away her favour'd knight?
The couch which her white fingers broider'd so fair,
Were a far softer seat than the saddle of war!
What's more tempting than love? In the patriot's sight
The battle of freedom he hastens to fight!
“Ply the distaff, my maids—ply the distaff—before
“It is spun, he may happen to stand at the door.”

The fair lady looks out from her lattice, but now
Her eye is as bright as her fair shining brow!
And is sorrow so fleeting?—Love's tears—dry they fast?
The stronger is love, is't the less sure to last?
Whose arm sees her knight round her waist?—'Tis his own!
By the battle she wept for, her lover is won!
Ply the distaff, my maids, ply the distaff no more!
Would you spin when already he stands at the door?

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[JUNE, 1830]
CLASSIC MOTTOS FOR THE TORIES FREELY TRANSLATED.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"Expende Hannibalem; quot libras in duce summo
Invenies?"

Take the Great Duke; his civil talents weigh,
His public virtue righteously survey;
A goose's brains express his mental tether;
His morals do not weigh a goose's feather.
His cup of public infamy is full;
He stands confessed as profligate as dull.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

"Vultus index animi."

To all the wisdom in his brain
You have an index in his looks:
He need not speak to make it plain
He is the cream of Royal Dukes.

LORD ELDON.

"Populus me sibilat; at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ."

The mob may hoot;—a fiao for the mob!
I've got the public money in my fob.

LORD LYNTHURST.

"Omnis Aristippum decuit color."

All parties and all colours suit with ease
Our Aristippus of the Common Pleas.
Orange he wore, when orange was the wear;
And green, when green was ministerial gear;
To-day he rides upon the Tory storm,
Rails at the Whigs and execrates Reform;
To-morrow dawns—the seals are in his view—
(What will not lust of place make Tories do?)
He gorges down the Bill, his recent dread,
With all its sins and schedules on its head:
What though it plunge the realm in revolution,
And overthrow both King and Constitution;
What though the Bill were England's final doom?—
He'd pass a worse one—for the place of Brougham.

JOHN WILSON CROKER.

"Otium cum dignitate."

Of *otium* soon he'll have his fill,
 From national concerns so weighty ;
 But faith ! 'twere hard to frame a Bill
 Would give John Wilson *dignitate*.

SIR CHARLES WETHERELL.

"Igneus est olli vigor."

No dusky path his genius takes to fame ;
 The blaze of towns on fire surrounds his name.
 Torch of his country, flambeau of the Tories,
 Bristol bears smoking witness to his glories :
 His was no vulgar plan of conservation ;
 He burned a city to preserve a nation.

MR. A. BARING.

"Venit summa dies, et ineluctabile tempus."

Britain has seen her last and darkest day ;
 My own *dear* Callington's in schedule A :
 Nipped like a violet in her beauteous bloom ;
 Avert, just heaven ! my harmless borough's doom !

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

"Conditur omne"

Stellarum vulgus, fugiunt sine nomine signa."

Vane rises—lo ! each lesser fire
 Hides its diminished head ;
 The ministerial lights expire,
 The star of Grey is fled.

The cheek of Brougham and Vaux turns pale,
 He feels his splendour wane ;
 Plunket himself is known to quail,
 Before the might of Vane.

HENRY HUNT, Esq., M. P., Blacking-maker to the Bench of Bishops.

"Hic niger est ;—hunc tu Romane caveto !"

Friends of Reform ! disdain his treacherous aid :
 His character is blacker than his trade.

* Who can forget Mr. Baring's happy metaphor for a rotten borough ?

MR. HORACE TWISS.

" Nulli major fuit usus edendi
Tempestate meâ."

Others than thou may better rule the state ;
Others in legal lore may be completer ;
Thy field of glory is the dinner-plate ;
Enough for thee to be our ablest eater !
Dine on, dine on ! for thy portentous maw
A groaning country buys no more the ration :
Long as the Temple feeds that mighty crow,
Ne'er may it miss its daily recreation.

SIR HENRY HARDINGE AND SIR GEORGE MURRAY.

" De gente hircosâ centurionum."
" Arcades ambo."

A brace of bullies, charged with lead and powder,
Like their own pistols, only five times louder ;
Good in the battle-field to stop a ball,
Good in the House—none better—at a brawl.
Trust me, dragoons, it is a different labour,
To wield an argument and wield a sabre :
Debating does not signify a duel ;
The logic of our days is not so cruel ;
Go ! strut, parade ! the barracks want you badly,
And army tailors miss your counsel sadly.

LORD LOWTHER.

" Videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ."

In pleasing dreams I often stray
Through my old " Woods and Forests" dear :
Sweet airs of office round me play,
And silver streams delight my ear.
But ah ! no more through these sweet haunts,
Except in dreams, shall Tory rove ;
In vain for place my bosom pants ;—
The Whigs, the Whigs possess the grove.

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY GOULBURN.

" Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,"
The days of place to us, alack ! are o'er ;
True statesmen now are recompensed no more ;
Time was when o'er th' Exchequer I presided,
Deep Herries praised, and booby Brougham derided ;
Not vainly then my philosophic glance
Pervaded all the science of finance ;
For I did more than read the " Wealth of Nations,"
I put by some for me and my relations.

SCENES IN CUNNEMARA.

THIS remote and unfrequented, but singularly picturesque and interesting district of the west of Ireland, takes its name from the striking manner in which its coast is indented by the Atlantic, the word *Cunnemara* signifying in Irish, "*the bays of the sea.*" When better known than it is at present, it cannot fail to obtain a high place—we would almost venture to say the highest—amongst the natural attractions of the island. Its mountains are loftier and bolder, and its lakes far more extensive, numerous, and beautiful than those of Wicklow, which have been so much celebrated; its shores are more magnificent than those of Antrim; and if it yields in beauty to Killarney, owing to the deficiency of wood, it challenges in a much higher degree the admiration of those who consider the principal charm of scenery to consist in its wildness and majesty. The eye that is not to be pleased without meadows and groves, must seek elsewhere for gratification; here there is little upon the hills but the purple heather, and in the valleys but the fern and bog-violet; the forests that once clothed the domains of the Blakes and Martins, have disappeared, and left scarce a memorial of their former existence, save a huge trunk of pine occasionally discovered in the bogs, or a solitary and stunted oak or yew, which, having no fellow within twenty miles, is known to the natives by the name of "*the tree,*" and serves as the limit of an estate or the boundary of a parish. But if any where there is a country where the absence of wood can be overlooked, it is this region. The picturesque amply apologizes for the bleak and barren; the character of the scenery may be described to be a waste magnificence, wanting beauty and mildness only to be more romantically distinguished by a stern and rugged grandeur.

There is one inducement, however, which can no longer be offered to attract tourists to this part of Ireland. There remains now little difficulty and no danger to give the excursion the air of adventure. Within the last ten years, new roads have been executed, and good bridges have taken the place of perilous fords. The hand of Nimmo is visible in places that were previously inaccessible except to the feet of the red-deer; and the fruits of his engineering labours are obvious in the better tillage of the soil, and improved habits of the population. There is nowhere a more peaceable race than inhabits between Loch Corrib and the ocean. Terry-Altism has broken out in Mayo, without infecting them in its passage from Clare. Nowhere is the person of the traveller more safe from harm; and nowhere will he experience more frequent instances of civility and good nature. The Galway mountaineer is distinguished for his politeness and obliging temper even amongst the peasantry of Ireland; nobody is without the pale of his kind offices except the man who is rash enough to undertake the service of a "*latitat,*" or any similar mission from the king's superior courts; for him—but we shall resume this sad subject when we come to mention the customs of the town of Cliefden.

Cunnemara, in the vulgar and larger acceptation of the word, comprehends almost the whole maritime and mountain regions of the county Galway. It properly, however, includes only the barony of Ballynahinch, and commences a few miles to the north of the town of Oughterard, near a small lake called Loch Bofin. The numerous islands off the coast form part of it; and it is divided amongst three proprietors, Martin of Ballynahinch, D'Arcy of Cliefden, and Blake of Reuvyle.

"Place me where Dick Martin rules
The woodless wilds of Cunnemara,"

is nevertheless poetically accurate, the possessions of that celebrated character extending over far the greater part of the district. There is one immense tract which he facetiously calls his *demesne*; a dilapidated edifice at Oughterard representing the gate-house, and twenty Irish miles of road the avenue, to the castle. It need hardly be stated that such a *demesne* has no inclosures but the Atlantic and the mountains. The island of Carrigaroon off Seyne Head serves as a deer-park; and that of Carrigavolty in the bay of Roundstone is used as a kitchen garden.

From Galway to Oughterard, a space of fifteen miles, the route is dull. Considerably to the right stretches Loch Corrib, at this extremity an unattractive sheet

of water, strewed with barren islands, and skirted with flat desolate shores, with nothing to seize the eye, save here and there a ruined castle, or the bleak unfinished residence of a Lynch or a Bodkin. The face of the country round about, divided and subdivided into numberless minute patches by dry stone fences, presents a dreary aspect; when it is wild, it has none of the bold features that make wildness picturesque; when it is cultivated, such miserable cultivation would willingly be exchanged for the most complete sterility. In short, nothing can be less interesting than this stage of the journey; we saw nothing worth notice except a natural bridge formed by the working of a mountain stream through a solid ledge of rock,—and a surveyor measuring a new line of road with an apparatus, strikingly illustrative of the state of the arts and sciences in Connaught—to wit, a hay-rope! Of these two curiosities, the *natural* one is common in the county Galway. Except that it is on a very reduced scale, it resembles exactly the phenomenon of the "*perte du Rhone*," between Geneva and Lyons. The moment we entered Cunnemara, properly so called, the scenery grew interesting. The path lay along a continued chain of lakes; and our gradual approximation to the highlands made the features of the landscape more prominent and agreeable every step we advanced. The mountains of Joyce-country (as the barony of Ross is popularly called), and the singular chain of Beanabola, or "The Twelve Pins," exhibited to the right, and in front, their magnificently irregular outline, and were rendered additionally striking by the contrast of their dark blue colour with the light tint of the sky. Some of the lakes just mentioned have much beauty. One in particular drew our admiration, being distinguished by the rare ornament of an island clothed with a fine oak copse. A little beyond this we stopped to dine at a kind of inn, well known in the country by the name of Flinn's, or the Half-Way-House. This solitary place afforded better cheer than its situation or aspect promised; the small sheep which we thought picturesque objects upon the hills, we now found to be excellent mutton upon the table; and here for the first time we tasted the "*potsheen*," which, next to the manufacture of a celebrated species of worsted stocking, is the chief branch of industry in Cunnemara. I had nearly omitted to mention that travelling from the town of Galway into the Highlands, is called, in the native phraseology, "*going back*." The meaning of course is, going into the *back* or remote parts of the country; but it puzzled us extremely at first, and led to some humorous mistakes. "Your honours are going back?" said a fellow with whom we had entered into discourse a little before we came to Flinn's. "No," was the reply; for we naturally considered we were going forward. "Oh then, by my showl, ye's have lost your way," rejoined the mountaineer, who concluded it was the town of Galway we had in view.

As we had walked from Oughterard, a distance of ten miles, it was with no reluctance that we now mounted ponies. We had sixteen miles to travel to reach that place, and, as three miles an hour was the swiftest rate at which it was practicable to ride upon so rugged a road, this was looked upon as a long journey. However, if it was long, it made amends by its splendour. Every thing like tameness began rapidly to disappear; it was soon not the distant prospects only that were picturesque, but the scenery, with which we were almost in contact. The mountains approached nearer, and rose abruptly out of the lakes; the passes seemed to open; and the eye caught romantic glimpses of other mountains beyond and wild glens between; while at the same time the shifting elevations and directions of the road, which had been previously tolerably straight and level, had the usual effect in diversifying the views. Loch Garromin is lovely as well as wild. To the right, and considerably below the level of the road, it lay, on a serene September evening, at perfect repose, reflecting vividly a fine impending hill, to which the heath gave a pink hue exquisitely soft and beautiful. Between the road and the edge of the lake is the demesne and house of Dean Mahon, a dignitary of the establishment, the former finely planted, though not by the hand of nature; the latter (as far as the trees that embosom it enabled us to judge) a small plain edifice tastefully suited to the situation it occupies. A second lake, much inferior to the first in size, adds considerably to the attractions of this place, which is sweet as well as romantic, the only spot perhaps in Cunnemara of which that description can be given. If at Garromin we felt surprise at the little that has been said in praise of scenery of so high an order,

how greatly was that feeling increased on reaching Ballinahinch! The mansion of the Martins, an irregular unhandsome building, stands within fifty yards of as noble a situation as a great proprietor could select or desire for his residence. The vicinity of the houses of Irish gentlemen to enviable sites has frequently been remarked, but never was the blunder more conspicuous than in this instance. The brow of an eminence, a little in front of Ballinahinch Castle, intercepts it from the view of a spacious and splendid lake, over which one of the twelve peaks of the Beanabola chain towers to the majestic altitude of 1900 feet. The base of this mountain (which is called Lettery, and is one of the highest in Cunnemara) is covered with a flourishing copse of oak, ash, and birch, which, being well preserved, promises in due time to equal the forests of former days. The lake has several islets, some wooded, and some bare. On one of the latter, the still upright walls of an old castle (probably the abode in violent times of some martial proprietor of these domains) have a remarkably fine effect. The scenery, on the whole, is admirably calculated to furnish the localities of a romantic tale or poem; but Irish lakes and mountains have no Scott to celebrate them; they remain neglected like the people that grow up, pine, and perish on their shores and amongst their recesses.

The Ballinahinch lake communicates by a deep and rapid stream with that of Derryclare, and this in like manner with the magnificent Loch Inagh; the three together forming a grand chain, which extends on one side far into the bosom of the mountains, and on the other, by means of a fine river, unites itself with the Atlantic. Upon this river, about two miles below the castle, is a weir, and the best salmon fishery in Ireland. A good angler, in fine weather, may kill a dozen salmon with ease in the course of a day. Mr. Thomas Martin, the present resident at the Castle, gives permission in the most handsome manner to every fair sportsman who asks it; nor does his liberality stop there; his house is open in the most hospitable manner to every gentleman who visits the country; and it is impossible to be his guest for a single day without admiring the noble spirit and amiable feeling with which he discharges all the duties of a landlord, a magistrate, and a gentleman. In the absence of his father, who has long been resident abroad, Thomas Martin is virtual proprietor of this immense estate, and though not always politically sympathising with them, his justice, moderation, and kindness, make him regarded more as a father than as a feudal superior by the men of Cunnemara.

Cliefden, where we did not arrive until a very late hour, is a town of modern origin, situated on the ridge of an eminence, at the head of a winding estuary, into which a riotous mountain torrent rushes, after having a few moments before thrown itself over a precipice in a broad and bold cascade. The feeling of the men of Cunnemara towards the servers of *latitats*, or processes of the like nature, has been alluded to already: at Cliefden this feeling is, according to established usage, displayed in the following lively manner. Across the torrent just mentioned, about half a mile from the town, there is a narrow stone bridge, under which the stream is particularly deep and rapid. To this bridge, which might properly enough upon such occasions be called "the bridge of sighs," the process-server is quietly conducted; and being placed upon the parapet, he is offered the alternative of chewing and swallowing the warrant, or being precipitated headlong into the abyss beneath. This practice being invariably adhered to in cases of legal intrusion, it may readily be supposed that they do not occur frequently. Cliefden is in fact as impregnable a fortress as the Isle of Man. The individual who undertakes to serve a *latitat* on the estate of Mr. D'Arcy should swim like a wild goose, or be endowed with more than the "*dura ilia messorum*." He is sure either to find a watery grave, or to be taught the meaning of a "digest" of the law. But to return to the scenery, the shores of the bay of Cliefden are precipitous and barren. Upon the northern side, a short way from the town, is the residence of the proprietor, built in a castellated style, and though far from imposing at a near view, producing an agreeable and picturesque effect from the bay or the opposite cliffs. The grounds are handsomely planted, and there, for the first time in Cunnemara, we heard the notes of the robin and blackbird. A rough and breezy walk of a few miles along the adjacent heights afforded a vast and splendid prospect of the ocean, and the most complete view of the Beanabola chain that is to be had from any part of the country. The twelve peaks, or "pins," as they are usually called, are sometimes not easy to be distin-

guished, one standing occasionally in front of another; seen from this, however, they are, as it were, drawn up in line; and being all conical, or nearly so, their appearance is at once unique and grand.

Cliefden was our head quarters. On the second day after our arrival we rode to Cleggan bay, a spacious inlet, with a bold promontory over its northern shore surmounted by a square tower. The course we took, after passing Streamstown, was to follow a wild and scarcely distinguishable track, called, by an audacious figure of speech, *a road*, and descending to the beach; from thence we proceeded along the edge of of a stupendous range of cliffs by a path which no other animal but the Cunnemara pony could tread in safety. It was a glorious day, and nothing could surpass the beauty of the ocean except its sublimity. It was blue as the sky and just sufficiently agitated to give the shore, as far as the eye could trace its windings, an edging of spray which glittered in the sun like a fringe of silver. Even the barren islands off the coast looked lovely, and reminded us of those in Comus,

“Which like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep.”

A few words about the ponies may not be amiss before we go any further. They are a very useful and curious variety of the horse species. No mule in the Sierra Morena has a surer foot on steep stony ground. It is in going up and down precipices, or in the rocky bed of a mountain torrent they excel; on smooth level roads they seem actually to be at fault, and require the continual action of the spur to keep them in motion. They prefer hard ground to soft, and will leave an elastic turf for a path hewn out of the living rock, and strewed with blocks of granite. Their maintenance costs the natives almost nothing. When unemployed they wander like goats among the hills, and seldom or never receive the ordinary treatment of horses, either in shoeing, stabling, or feeding. At Corribodge we ordered one of them a feed of oats, but he did not know what it meant, and positively declined tasting it. In winter, when the peasants have little use for them, it is usual, we were informed, to thatch them with straw, and in this extraordinary housing, they are turned loose, to shift for themselves through all the vicissitudes of the season.

One of our party being afflicted one morning with a violent headache, we had an opportunity of observing the state of the medical profession in Cunnemara. A dose of medicine being advisable, recourse was had to “the doctor” of ——. It was no easy matter to get into his shop, the door being blockaded by a huge pig; at length it was effected; there was no one there but an urchin without breeches, sitting on the floor. “Is Doctor F—— at home?” “eh!”—the question was repeated again—“eh!”—“Zounds, man! is Doctor F—— at home?” “Oh, may-be its my father you want; he’s in Galway this three days.” “Is there any one else here?” “Yes.” “Who?” “My mother?” “Where is she?” “She’s in Roundstone,” (a place five miles distant). “Well, who sells the medicines?” “Oh, any one that likes.” “Why, might I take them?” “You may if you like.” It seemed, however, more prudent to repair to the dispensary, where a rival physician was established. An old man was perceived engaged in feeding an immense drove of geese and turkeys. “Is the doctor at home?” “I’m he, Sir.” “I want a little castor oil.” “Oh, by dad, I hav’nt a drop; bad luck to the fellows in Galway, it’s three months since I wrote to them for it, and they never sent it yet, devil’s cure to them!” Such are the sons of Esculapius in Cunnemara.

We had a glorious day for the excursion to the Killeries, two creeks (for the benefit of those who are not intimate with Irish geography) very unequal in extent, at the northern extremity of the county Galway. The greater separates Galway from Mayo, and is also the boundary of Cunnemara upon that side. At the upper end of the inlet is a place called Leenane, where we were led to expect a wild, but hearty and plentiful entertainment at the house of John Joyce, a renowned character in the country, commonly called, from his gigantic size and personal prowess, Shawn More or Great John. A hundred stories were told us of the various attractions of this place, or, as the narrators expressed it, “the *capers* of Leenane.” The word “*caper*” stands in Cunnemara for any thing extremely curious or worth visiting. A boatman of Mr Martin, expatiating upon the curiosity of some caves that are to be seen at Cong in the county of Mayo, said—“Your honours wont lave

the country without seeing the Capers of Cong." Amongst the "*capers*" of Shawn More's establishment, we were promised the goodly sight of that worthy personage and his wife—a lady of proportionate dimensions—taking their daily plunge into the waters of the creek, a ceremony which they always perform hand in hand, at the first break of dawn. But let us arrive at Leenane before we say more about it. Our first object was Renvyle point, where Mr Blake, the reputed author of "*Letters from the Irish Highlands*," has a seat. We did not, however, approach nearer to that place than the little village of Tullybawn, the heights over which command a superb marine view, bounded on the north by the majestic mountain of Mulrea, in the county Mayo. The shore presents an uninterrupted range of the wildest crags hanging over a white sandy beach; in front, with a sparkling surf breaking upon their picturesquely barren sides, are the isles of Innis-Turk and Innis-Clare; and extending in the back ground many a mile, appear those of Achill, part of the district of Erris, which suffered so intensely during the recent scarcity. Innis-Clare, or Clare island, (*innis* signifying *island* in the Gaelic) is famed in Irish story as the stronghold of that romantic chieftainess whose visit to the court of Elizabeth is on historical record. It was probably to this ocean-fastness she conveyed the young heir of the Earl of Howth, whom, on her return from England, she made captive, to revenge the inhospitality of his father. There still stands upon the island a ruined tower, which the fisherman boldly states was the castle of Granawaile.

The charm of the lesser Killery is much heightened by the manner in which you approach it. It burst suddenly into view upon the sudden turn of a path which descends a close rocky ravine; and is certainly as romantically beautiful a creek as any into which the sea ever retreated. Save where the ocean enters, it is invested with cliffs and mountains, which, chequered with the finest variety of tints, start up abruptly from the brink of the clear still water, or just leave space for the narrow road to sweep round the shore. The heights to the north rise perhaps not less than 1200 feet above the level of the bay; and to reach Leenane, we had to cross them by a frightfully steep path, overhung, both ascending and descending, with tremendous precipices. This is called the pass of Salruc. The descent brought the greater Killery into view; but to give any idea of its grandeur, I should describe as well as Petrie draws. Owing to huge masses of rock that were piled around us, it developed itself very slowly; but this only added to the effect, which became every moment more imposing, until at length the eye got free from all obstructions, and embraced the prospect in all its vastness and splendour. We stood about a hundred yards above the creek; and (the apparent junction of the mountains on each side of its mouth excluding the view of the ocean) it presented the appearance of a magnificent lake, about two miles broad, and seven or eight in length. Over it, to the north, towered Mulrea, in barren grandeur, its broad purple side dipping into the waves, and its irregular summit crested with exposed rock. All was still and solitary; the scream of the curlew was the only sound heard; the name of "*harbour*," by which this arm of the sea is commonly distinguished, conveys an idea the very reverse of the reality; a single white sail was the only object that gave sign of life over the whole surface of the inlet. And the shores were as idle as the waters. Not a tree, and scarce a human dwelling, was in sight. But, as far as scenery was concerned, this was no subject of regret: the glorious expanse, that spread bright, calm, and blue, beneath us, gave it as much softness as was perhaps compatible with its sublimity. We even quarrelled with a minute patch of cultivation on the side of the opposite mountain—the work of some needy husbandman, who preferred potatoes to the picturesque.

The road follows the shore, and commands the scenery of the creek, the remainder of the way to Leenane, a space of about ten miles. Once, indeed, where we climbed and traversed a lofty table-land, the water was for a while out of view; but it was only one scene of magnificence shifted to give place to another: the Mam, Turk, and Beanabola Mountains presenting themselves distinct and prominent in a splendid semicircle, their bold peaks and deep passes occasioning that wild irregularity of outline which is amongst the chief fascinations of a high-land prospect. On regaining the creek, the mountains on the opposite, or Mayo

had their tongues tinctured with a little English, stated that this picturesque retreat, accompanied with three thousand acres of mountain, had lately been let for the not very exorbitant rent of twenty pounds a year. Loch Inagh is full of fish; in the course of a few hours two of the party, who were sportsmen, killed several dozen white trout and two or three fine salmon.

There are no pike in this, or in any of the Cunnemara Lakes, and the trout accordingly multiply freely. The only check to population, to use the Malthusian phrase, are the eagles which abound in the impending cliffs, and occasionally subsist upon the inhabitants of the water. They dart their beaks into them the instant they appear above the surface; and, if the fish is not too heavy, fly with it to their inaccessible eyries; sometimes, however, it happens that an eagle seizes a salmon which is not to be managed so easily: in such a case (we were informed by the boatmen, who declared they had often witnessed it) his plan is to set up one of his wings for a sail, and in this manner float with his prey to shore. We saw several of these noble birds, but had not the luck to see them display their talents in this odd way; the story, therefore, rests entirely upon the authority of the original narrators, who, however, told it gravely, as an incontestible fact in the natural history of Loch Inagh. We had a great deal of pleasant intercourse with the boatmen, who were entertaining as well as intelligent fellows; they gave us (amongst other things) a full account of the habits of the salmon, which, related in their way, was any thing but a dry lecture on ichthyology. I cannot detail the whole conversation upon this point, but I remember we laughed heartily at hearing that the salmon fry went down to the sea as soon as they could "*gather a faction*," a mode of speaking so natural to an Irish peasant, and so humorous in its application. But I despair of giving an idea of the scenery. To the left, as we went up the lake from the Derryclare end, was a magnificent chain of mountains, abrupt and stony. The white clouds were impaled upon their sharp summits, and several torrents rushed headlong down their precipitous and naked sides. On the opposite side the hills sloped gradually from the water-edge, and being clothed with heath had a softer character. The surface of the loch was adorned with some rocky islets, which were nevertheless covered with a dense and flourishing underwood, just beginning to take the deep brown of autumn. Where any of these little insulated woods intervened between the boat and the wild craggy range of mountains to the left, it was impossible to imagine any thing in lake or highland scenery more romantically beautiful. But the picturesque did not silence the calls of appetite; we pushed to shore upon one of the prettiest islands, kindled a fire, roasted some of the trout, and, with the aid of the mountain dew, made a meal that Gods might have envied, enlivened by the discourse of the boatmen, who exhausted their magazine of facts, and then drew largely on their fancies, to make the time pass agreeably, an object in which (it is due to their wit as well as their good nature to say) they fully succeeded. I wish I could add a little about the lake of Derryclare, which was the next lake we visited; but the hard laws which editors impose on contributors do not allow me to say more, than that it is equal to Loch Inagh in attractions for sportsmen, and little, if at all, inferior in point of scenery. In conclusion let me say of an excursion to Cunnemara, that it will amply repay any one who takes it. If his object be game, the mountains and lakes abound with it; if the roving of his eye be rather that of the poet than the sportsman, he will meet with equal gratification. In general, too, the dinners are good, and the beds comfortable; carbonated eels and the entomological museum are extreme cases.

ANECDOTES OF GERMAN COURTS.

THE various tongued denizens of earth who had crowded Frankfort during the great fair were fast returning to their distant homes, the well filled *table d'hôte* at the Römischer Kaiser was now reduced to a few members of the *corps diplomatique*. "See that my passport is *en règle* for Vienna," said I to the Kellner, "for Frankfort has now become intolerably dull."

As the traveller journeys towards Saxony, the face of the country undergoes a marked change; the vine clad heights of the Mein gave place to the dark ridges of the Thuringian forest, between which and the foot of the Ezegibirge, extend the dominions of a crowd of petty princes, who, by their family influence or political services, have saved their insignificant independencies from the mediatizing ban of the German confederation.

My travelling companion was an old Dutch colonel, the Baron Van S——. He had made thirty campaigns, and the wild uncertainty of a camp life had given to him that happy constitutional indifference which philosophy in vain aspires to. A vein of military pedantry ran through his conversation, but this was enlivened by such shrewd and profound observations on men and things, such a fund of anecdote, as taught me that the Baron had moved no inattentive observer on the great theatre of events on which he had played his part. "In whose dominions are we at present;" said I to the post-master at Lebenstein, for in the course of our morning's ride, we had passed through half-a-dozen states. "In those of his Serene Highness of Saxe Meinengen," was the reply. I confess I felt a little curious to visit the state that was likely to have the honour of one day giving a Queen to England. We therefore proceeded straight to the capital, and little time it took us to get there.

The town of Saxe Meinengen is situated on the right bank of the Warre, beautifully embosomed in hills, it is rather handsomely built, and is poetically called the *City of the Harp*. The population of the whole state is about 40,000 souls, its revenue 30,000*l.*, and as a member of the German Confederation it has *one fifth of a vote*. I gathered this important statistical knowledge from the Court Almanack. What a ridiculous "*spectacle politique*" do these little petty German states present, with their standing armies and all the *attirail* of a court. Here is the duchy of Saxe Meinengen—its whole population is inferior to that of a moderately sized English town, and its entire revenue considerably less than the pin money of our Queen. Such is the fact; an English town, considered unworthy of being represented in parliament, has double the population, and centuple the wealth and intelligence of the duchy of Saxe Meinengen, that has given to us a Queen who has shewn so much elevated contempt for our Manchesters and Birminghams. An English hunter would gallop round its territory in an hour; an English nobleman must be a skilful financier to subsist on its paltry revenue without running in debt.

"You are right," said the Baron, "but it was still worse in the time of the old German confederation. In fact the state we are now in is a mighty empire compared to the Lilliputian dominions of many of these princes, whose military contingent to the confederation was fixed at *half a*

man each! The whole extent of their territory might have been ranged by an eighteen pounder. On the formation of the confederation of the Rhine, eighty *de ces Messieurs* were mediatised at one *coup de plume*, an arrangement which was confirmed by the congress of Vienna in 1815, who I believe would fain have extended to a few more this mediatizing principle; an act that would have gained for that assembly the eternal gratitude of the subjects of these petty sovereigns, who are borne to the earth by the weight of taxes to support their beggarly pride and ridiculous pretensions. "To give you an idea,"—continued the Baron, "shortly after Holland was overrun by the French, I was in garrison at Breda." Now at the words "*J'étais en garnison*," I filled out a bumper of Rhudesheimer, for I expected the relation of a whole campaign at least, and I foresaw it would be far past midnight ere we got into winter quarters; but for once I was mistaken.

"Tired of the monotony of a garrison life, I resolved to make an excursion into some of the little states of the right bank of the Rhine; they were crowded at the time with French emigrants, and I need not tell you there was no lack of amusement. I directed my steps to the nearest of these, the dominions of the Hereditary Prince of Bentheim Steinfurth, and took up my quarters at the Hotel de la Cour,—immediately opposite the parade. This was fortunate, for it afforded me an opportunity of reviewing the standing army of the state, which consisted of *six hussars and twenty grenadiers*.

"On the second day of my arrival I waited upon the Grand Chamberlain, in order to make *le premier pas* towards an introduction at court. Letters of nobility proving three descents at least, were indispensable to procure the honour of an *entree*. "I am a Baron born;" said I in reply to the chamberlain, "but the *revolution a changé tout cela*." I had, however, brought with me some old musty parchments, though not without the apprehensions of compromising myself with my own government by figuring away under my old title. These I handed to him. Never shall I forget the satisfaction he displayed; he capered about the room, singing the old romance

"Aux bons temps de la chevalerie,"

and darted off to lay them before his Highness in person.

"On the following Sunday I was invited to the grand *couvert du prince*. On being ushered into the banquetting hall, I was rather surprised to observe that all the lacqueys wore enormous mustaches. It was," said the Baron, "a decoration *de lacquai* which I had never before seen, and I accordingly testified my astonishment to the Prince de B——i, who sat next to me. "If you look more attentively at them," said the Prince, smiling at my observation, "you will perceive *que ces droles* la are the grenadiers of the guard, who on these occasions throw off the uniform of the soldiers to assume the livery of the footman. To be serious, this little state plays the part of an Italian buffoon, and affords food for merriment from morning to night. To begin with the Prince himself. He is one of the most worthy men of his estate, dominions, I should say, but a perfect imbecile on the subject of his nobility, which he pretends has descended to him in a direct line from Charlemagne. The court genealogist goes farther, and pretends that without difficulty it might be proved that the blood of Arminius

"———tout pur ainsi que sa noblesse,
Est descendu jusqu'a lui de Lucrece en Lucrece."

"With respect to the Princess," continued the Prince, "she goes many lengths beyond her lord. She fancies herself another Marie Theresé, in fact the tone of the court is aristocratic on *n'y pent plus*. Two parties at present divide the state, an Austrian and a Prussian, who hate each other as much as the Guelphs and the Ghebellines of the middle ages. The court inclines to the Austrian faction, for you must know that the Prussian government has seized a village which lay conveniently on their boundary line, which produced a revenue to the Prince of about 80*l.* annually. The consequence of this serious defalcation in the revenue has been an appeal to the German diet, which however is too prudent to shew its impotency by ordering Prussia to make the *amende honorable*.

"Observe," said the Prince, "that man bedizened like an English General. On gala days he officiates as commander-in-chief; on others, '*il fait les fonctions*,'—of architect to the court, director of bridges and highways, and intendant of police. The other on his right is the Minister of Foreign Affairs in his own opinion—a second Alberoni. His sagacity has already led him to discover that you are charged with an important diplomatic mission from a foreign power. You may amuse yourself at his expense. And now mark more particularly that old cavalier in earnest conversation with the Countess Von S——g, it is the Baron Von H——g; he has gambled away an immense fortune, and now lives by his wits; he generally contrives to lay under contributions every stranger who arrives at court. You he has already booked for a *vingtaine de Louis*, at least. Beware of him, for he is an able tactician, with the effrontery of Beelzebub himself, as the following anecdote will shew. He was playing a few days ago at Boston with the Countess Von S., and my cousin the Chevalier B. The Baron lost three thalers and the Chevalier one, who threw down half a Frederick d'or to discharge his debt. This the Baron immediately pocketed, saying to the Countess, this makes my debt to you, Madam, seven tholens; three that I lost, and four that I now borrow of you; so that the Countess, independently of her winnings, lost four thalers, for he has never paid her, and never will!" In truth," said my friend the Baron, "I observed the old fellow hovering on my flanks during the whole of the evening; but he was forestalled by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who, drawing me aside, dilated profoundly on the then political state of Europe. War he deemed inevitable, and he took an opportunity of adroitly alluding to the subject of the village, on which would pend the policy of the state. Indeed, Sir, said he, we are on the eve of great events. And so we were, much nearer than his Excellency had any idea of; for while he was so eloquently discoursing on the state of Europe, four of the "Hussars of the Guard" were committing some outrage on the adjoining Prussian territory.

"Now, it happened that the commandant of the district was Blucher, at that time a colonel. And," added the Baron, with military frankness, "he was a '*matin*' not to be trifled with. He accordingly ordered a corporal and four file to invade the territory of the Prince, and seize the delinquents. He might have sent, it is true, a larger force, but then the difficulty of subsisting them! The corporal set out, and executing a march *à-la Seidlitz*, he surprised the hussars in their cantonments, and carried them prisoners to Blucher's head-quarters. The sensation produced by the invasion on the court and the minds of the people, was astonishing. The Prince carried his hand to his sword, but the rage of

the Princess and the ladies of her train was sublime ; it was the wrath of Juno !

Flectere si nec non superos Acheronta movebo.

The only *café* in the little capital was crowded with politicians. A general war was deemed inevitable ; an alliance with Austria, and above all, a subsidy from England was the obvious policy of the state. Every horse in the Prince's stables was impressed into the service of the *estafette*. At the expiration of a week, murmurs of discontent began to be heard ; an alarming deficiency in the revenue, caused by the enormous consumption of stationary in the department of foreign affairs, was foretold, and a few fierce spirits pronounced the word republic ! What would have been the result heaven only knows, had not his Prussian Majesty made due reparation to the wounded honour of his Highness of Bentheim Steinfurth an event which was celebrated at court by a grand *fête*.

" My *congé* was expired, and I returned to Breda. A few years afterwards I met this ex-sovereign Prince in Paris, where he was living upon a pension from the French government, his principality having been converted into a parochial *arrondissement* of the newly formed kingdom of Westphalia."

I was highly amused with these anecdotes, which were rendered more piquant by the Baron's *art de raconter*, a talent he possessed to a degree that would have pleased the fastidious taste of Louis Quatorze himself.

It is these political territorial divisions that are the curse of Germany. Among her children we see much to admire,—a depth of thought—a love of science—a martial independence of character that elevates the personal dignity of man ; but we nowhere find the virtues of the citizen—their love of fatherland is not a political aspiration, and in fact how should it be so—a German but seldom dies the subject of the prince under whose dominion he first drew breath ; he may have been born a Prussian, lived an Austrian, and died a Bavarian. Or it may have been his worse fate to have been the subject of some petty independent prince, to support whose beggarly pride, and aristocratic, nay autocratic pretensions, his industry, his energies, his manly pride, have been borne to the earth.

But a change is fast coming over this state of things, the vibrations of the political substratum have already foretold the coming earthquake ; one, if we are not mistaken, that will not stay its fury until it has swept from the face of the land the race of pigmy despots, who have so long disgraced it with their tyranny and oppression.

THE SONG OF THE TRANSFORMED.

A tradition was current, amongst the natives of Hispaniola, when discovered by Columbus, that the light of the sun was fatal to the aboriginal inhabitants of the island, turning them into trees and stones; and that a man, sent out to fish, by a chief named Vagoniona, and changed into a melodious singing bird, came at night annually about the time he had suffered this transformation, and bewailed his misfortune in a mournful song, which is the cause why that bird, mistaken by Columbus for the nightingale, sings always at night.—*Vide Irving's Life of Columbus.*

A song!—a dreary song,
Each night, and all night long
Is mine—the hapless Toomahee!—to sing;
Far, in some leafy nest
To swell my plumed breast
In plainings wild, and droop my listless wing!
’Tis mine,—with shame to speak,—
Of wing, and breast, and beak,
MAN, once that was: now, but a lonely Bird;
To shun day’s mortal light,
And vex the hush of night,
With solemn wailings, as my soul is stirr’d!
A holy,—luscious calm
Is round me, and the balm
Of cool, low-breathing winds,—with sighings sweet
From pale, delicious flowers,
Which wake but at these hours,
Faint forest-voices, soft and sad, to greet.
Yon golden fires above,
Rays, of divinest love,
Shed on the quiet earth, and waters clear;
To them, with piercing wail,
I pour my piteous tale,
But ah! they will not heed, or cannot hear.
The spirits of these woods,
The guardians of the floods,
The genii of the radiant, racy flowers,
Know well, the long drawn tone,
By hopelessness alone
Urg’d, and sigh’d forth, in tenderest midnight hours.
My languid wings have sought
Those, who in anguish’d thought
Live to me ever: dear ones, ne’er forgot
Through years, in which no voice
Of man, hath bid rejoice
My loving breast,—I’ve sought, and found them not.
I’ve sung:—but where are they,
Who’ve echoed not, my lay?
Transform’d perchance, to tree, or rock, or bird?
Silent in death? ah! why,
May not the Chang’d One die?
Why must his wail eternally be heard?

B. M. L.

MEDICINE AS A SCIENCE, AND AS A TRADE.

THE study of medicine, combining, as it does, the most abstract subjects of philosophic research, with the most difficult application of practical skill, may be considered as conducing more to the happiness of man than any other profession. No subject requires a closer application, with a more general knowledge. The physician conversant alike in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, whose abstruse combinations demand the minutest inquiry and closest investigations, must also be well acquainted with the machinery of the human frame, in all its internal and external complication; even the mind, with its endless variety of affections, must form an important part in the attainment of professional knowledge. Thus chemistry, anatomy, pathology, and electricity, each of which may be considered as the study of a life, have an important claim upon his attention. In the well-educated physician we find a happy combination of these several sciences, attaching a responsibility to character, in proportion to the degree of acquirement, and the success or zeal of their application. Hence that anxiety which generally occupies the mind of a physician, frequently involving his own reputation and the life of the patient. Few require more firmness of mind, together with a deep-rooted attachment for his profession, to bear up against the conflicting events to which he is often exposed, and to this, without affectation, may be added, his anxiety to promote the welfare and happiness of his fellow man. The consciousness of having left nothing undone which great professional application and extensive reading could have effected, is, in his unsuccessful efforts, his great consolation, whilst, in many cases, his knowledge of the fatal tendency of particular diseases, saves the unfortunate patient from many painful but unavailing efforts. Thus no character has stronger claims upon our respect and admiration, than that of the well-educated physician, nor are there any efforts at promoting human happiness to which society is more indebted, than the skilful adaptation of his knowledge to the end he proposes—health. The cultivation of medicine as a science becomes a national object with every country; where the prolongation of life is desirable, and where the wealth of a nation depends upon her population, that science, which maintains the health of the operative classes, can no longer be viewed as a personal benefit, but rather as a general advantage. There never was a time when the scientific physician had stronger claims upon the gratitude of man, than at this moment, when the world is overrun with charlatans and quacks, who, ignorant both of the properties of medicines, and their operation in disease, practice with impunity a profession for which they have no pretensions but ignorance and impudence.

Let us take a review of the rise and fall of the several medical doctrines, in the different countries where medicine approached the nature of a science. Since the days of Hippocrates, almost every nation has had its systems of medical treatment, which, like the people they professed to cure, have had each its period of growth, maturity, and decay, whose durability was proportioned to the influence of its founder. The unbounded sway which the doctrines of Hippocrates have had, and still possess over the medical mind, require no comment here; deprived as he was of the aid of pathology, he advanced the science as far as could be reasonably expected. In Galen we have a strong proof how little the

brightest genius can effect in medicine, when unassisted by observation ; his voluminous comments on Hippocrates are the only things to recommend him to our notice.

The advancement of medicine, as a science, was for a long time checked by the night of barbarism which, under the name of the middle ages, overhung Europe. Exiled to Arabia, it there remained stationary, the comments of Galen serving as oracles to the Arabians. If the improved system of the present day incline us to undervalue the discoveries of the ancients, a comparative view of the relative conditions of both ages will assign to each their proper place. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the star of science burst forth from the mists of barbarism under which it lay obscured so long, and physicians, released from the absurd prejudices of former ages, were enabled to examine on the dead the morbid effects of disease. This period was to medicine as the dawn of a new world. Animated with a laudable zeal, physicians boldly ventured forth into that fertile field, which lay before them with the accumulated treasures of ages, but hidden beneath the rubbish of ignorance, and the world have long since shared the benefits of their labours.

Nearer our own time, the immortal Morgagni, availing himself of the discoveries of other ages, collected observations of a new kind, and established pathological anatomy ; and the chaos of facts, scattered and interlaced as they were, assumed under the hands of philosophy a certain order. System succeeded system, each bearing the stamp of the epoch which gave it birth. Science in general, but medicine in particular, assumed in the eighteenth century a new life. The physiology of the day acquired additional interest, and under the guidance of Bichat a new anatomy was established. Nosology, too, was under the hands of Pinel, who endeavoured to introduce into medicine the analytic and experimental method adopted in the other sciences, freed from the errors with which it was overlaid. The diagnosis of disease also received additional light from the labours of Corvisart, who followed in the tracks of Dehaen and Stoll.

If any thing were wanted to prove the uncertainty of medicine as a science, we need but look back on the various systems which have from time to time prevailed, we have the stricture and laxum of Thernison, the humoralism of Galen, the traces of which may be found in Hippocrates, the Charlatanism and superstition of the middle ages, the chemical theories of Sylvius, the archeism of Nanhelmont, the anima of Stoll, the mechanical and mathematical explications of Boerhaave, Hoffman, &c. ; the vitalism of Montpellier, the solidism of Cullen, the system of Brown, resting on the excess or default of excitability, each of which have "fretted their hour," and passed away, to be revived, perhaps, by succeeding ages. Amongst the doctrines of the present day, that of Broussais stands conspicuous at least on the continent ; and, without going the whole length of its founder, we must confess, that there are many points in it of the deepest interest to the scientific physician ; its localisation of disease, though perhaps too much insisted on by Broussais, still throws considerable light on the simplification of treatment. Its influence on the medical mind of this country is not likely to be great ; for the superstructure of medical knowledge here, based on the doctrines of our own schools, clings, often with the faith of a fanatic, to doctrines which have little else than the rust of ages to recommend them. If it be asked what

these doctrines are, few, I believe, can give a satisfactory reply. In Great Britain we might compare the nosology of system (if we may use such an expression) with the nosology of disease: every school and every professor have their theories, to which they refer every disease. The universities seem to teach medicines without fixed principles, vacillating between the spasm of Cullen, the humoralism of Galen, and the direct and indirect debility of Brown. The discoveries of the last two thousand years have, doubtless, contributed much to the knowledge of man's physical organisation, and perhaps to the modification of certain diseases; but, comparing the mortality of the earliest ages with that of the present, we shall, with very few exceptions, have little cause to boast our superior treatment. The Greek and Arabian physicians, though deprived of the aid of anatomy, chemistry, and, to a certain extent, of physiology, have, notwithstanding, left the best descriptions of some eruptive and contagious diseases. Long subsequent to the days of Hippocrates, the Arabians taught medicine in many of the hospitals, founded by the Mahommedans, though we do not find any account of a regular clinique either with them or the Greeks.

Upon the revival of letters in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, medicine again began to assume a degree of interest. Its professors were chiefly engaged in explaining the Arabian commentators of Galen; at length they found that from the book of nature only could medicine be studied, with the hope of ever arriving at the dignity of a science. They turned to nature, and their investigations were successful. Clinical medicine was then established, first by Francis de la Boie, at Leyden, next by Boerhaave, who taught it in the same hospital; shortly after it spread to Vienna and Edinburgh, in which latter place it flourished with great celebrity. In 1753, Van Sweitin established an hospital at Vienna which was successively occupied by Dehaen, Stoll, and Hildenbrand, for clinical instruction. In 1794, the first valuable clinic was established at Paris, though Desbois and Corvisart gave clinical lectures to their pupils. France has now assumed a rank in her clinique, immeasurably above every other country in Europe. Here are to be met men of every caste and nation, walking her splendid hospitals and crowding her valuable lecture rooms. France, prodigal of every thing that can improve the moral or physical condition of man, considers all her institutions as the joint stock property of mankind in general; well might she say "*Humani nihil a me alienum puto.*" Here, then, are clinical lectures, not only on medicine and surgery in general, but upon all the different branches of each, and one in particular, on old age, which is not to be met in any other city in Europe.

Let us now turn to the state of medical clinics amongst ourselves, and we must exclaim with Sterne, "They manage these things better in France." The only clinic in this country that merits any notice is the Edinburgh; there the lectures are replete with great practical experience and erudition, but differ from the French clinique in this particular, in not being given immediately after the visit, when the different phases of the disease are fresh on the minds of the students. The clinical lectures are given here only two days of the week: this is to be lamented, because here only (Edinburgh) every branch connected with the study of medicine may be learned with great advantage. Medicine, as a science, is fast improving in the other schools of Great Britain, with the exception of

London, where it is below par. It is painful to reflect on the state of medicine in the great city; abounding in wealth, talent, and industry, and with every facility for its cultivation, there is scarcely a man in it known beyond the limits of his professional rides as a scientific physician. The paramount importance of wealth in this Babylon absorbs every other consideration, and degrades a noble science into a servile trade—a science once deservedly held in the highest estimation, and which could boast of men eminent, not only in the practice and profession of physic, but celebrated as men of letters, the companions of monarchs, and instructors of princes. With Moliere we may say, “*Mais nous avons changé tout cela;*” a change indeed, with a vengeance, whose tracks are marked by the desolation it has left. Public opinion, or rather prejudice, having already stamped the profession of physic with the impress of its contempt, and viewing that system as one of charlatanism, its professors and teachers no longer cultivate it with that spirit of inquiry which marked the study of medicine with the Greeks and Arabians. This indifference to talent and scientific acquirements has called into existence a class of practitioners whose education, limited to suit the vulgar prejudice of the day, runs no danger of correcting errors which have called them from a state of indigence and obscurity to affluence and notoriety. Not that there are not occasionally to be met with, in this class, men of eminence and erudition, who, educated for a more elevated walk in the profession, and finding the tide of prejudice on the one side, and the *res angusta* pressing hard on the other, have been obliged to compromise the dignity of the profession and their own respectability, and merge the man of science into the man of drugs, with whom information beyond a certain extent is considered useless, and unsuited to the calibre of his patients’ minds. Looking at the bills of mortality in the different eras of medical science, many would be tempted to suppose that no improvement has been made in the treatment of disease. To deny that improvements have been made in medicine, is to deny the evidence of our senses. To account for the little variation in the mortality of different ages, notwithstanding the great improvements of modern philosophers, however painful to dwell on, is a subject which demands our attention. Of what use to the mass of mankind are the great discoveries which are daily and hourly being introduced into medicine, unless well understood by those who possess the utmost prescriptive right of experimenting in *corpore vili*? There are and will be in all countries a class upon which these experiments may be made, whose remunerating price is generally too small to command talent of a better order. From this class the bills of mortality are generally swelled, whether by inherent disease, bad and unwholesome diet, or fruitless and ignorant efforts at cure, is a question which we shall leave to the statistic physician to decide; merely observing that there are few cases, even under the hands of the most enlightened physicians, where the desire to be doing something does not frequently do too much.

WOMEN ARE THE DEVIL!

IN the fall of the year 1822 I was at St. Salvador, at that time closely invested by the patriot army. The city, strongly fortified by nature and art, and defended by a numerous garrison composed of veteran Peninsular regiments, that had marched from the Tagus to the Adour, laughed to scorn any attempt of the raw and undisciplined levies of Brazil on the outside to carry it by assault. But so effectually did the insurgents cut off all supplies from the interior, that the garrison was reduced to the greatest straits, while famine and its concomitant disease made fearful havoc among the inhabitants. Under these circumstances I held a council of war with myself, the result of which was the resolution to march out of the garrison without delay.

"*Toujours perdrix*," has been pronounced by a high authority to be an intolerable hardship, but "*toujours bacalhao*" and hard biscuit, upon which I had fared for upwards of ten months, without exaggeration, would have palled on the appetite of his most voracious majesty the late king of the Sandwich Islands himself. I lost no time, therefore, in engaging my passage on board an English vessel on the eve of sailing for the Rio de Janeiro.

This was my first reason for leaving, and a most prudent one it was. My second was curiosity—a desire to behold the working of the revolutionary system in the south, and to watch the growth of the new institutions just budding into political life—this was philosophical. Thirdly, I was ambitious of figuring on the theatre of events myself, even though in the only way in which a foreign adventurer in such cases generally does figure, viz., "*comme de la chaire au canon*;"—this last was downright madness.

On the morning of my departure, as we pulled off to the ship that was to carry me to my destination, my eyes rested on the flag of Portugal, that with lordly pride was giving its ample folds to the morning breeze. As I gazed on that banner which had so often waved on the field of victory; under whose dominion the magnificent city I was leaving had sprung from the bosom of the wilderness, and European civilization taken root in the soil, I could not help sympathising with its fallen fortunes; and a feeling of deep melancholy came over me, when I reflected on the "instability of all human greatness," and on the possibility of a similar reverse clouding at some future day the lofty destinies of my own country. But on getting on board the ship this gloomy train of thought was soon dispelled—dispelled by a vision of loveliness, that, were I to live for centuries, would be to the last green in the memory. This was a young Monte Videan lady. Tall, slender, and graceful as the palmettos of her native clime, cast in the most faultless mould of Andalusian symmetry, with lustrous eyes, dark as Erebus,—a classical paleness of complexion,—the upper lip slightly pencilled by a tinge of down,—a profusion of luxuriant raven locks confined by a single comb of costly workmanship, from which hung the jealous mantilla in graceful folds over her polished shoulders,—such was the lovely creature to whom the captain introduced me, and who, on learning that I was to be her *compagnon de voyage*, exclaimed, in the sweetest tone in the world, "*Me allegro muchissimo*;"

and which my vanity obliges me to translate thus, "I am highly delighted."

In the course of half an hour La Senhora Dolorcitta—for that was her name—and myself were as well acquainted as if we had known each other from childhood. When I recollected that I should enjoy the society of this fair creature for eighteen or twenty days, imagination revelled in the thought, and forthwith raised an ærial structure of hope—a structure not destined to last long; for I had not once calculated on the number of days that sea-sickness might possibly abstract her from my society. Scarcely had the ship passed the bar of the harbour, than this frightful possibility flashed across my mind with dismaying certainty. Her clear pale complexion suddenly assumed the yellow greenish hue of the lime; but even then she was beautiful. "*Santa madre de Jesus yo me muero, cavallero,*" she exclaimed, as I applied some restoratives to her nostrils, and carried her to the side of the vessel. "*Ah! dios mio,*" she exclaimed, "*pareceme que esta me saliendo el alma por la boca,*" and from what followed this dolorous exclamation, I really began to imagine it possible "for the soul to escape through the mouth." In a state of the most helpless insensibility we carried her to her cabin; to which, to my great chagrin and disappointment, she was confined for fourteen days, during which time, as the only person on board acquainted with the Spanish language, I was obliged to officiate as nurse.

All the usual remedies on such occasions were offered to the fair Monte Videan, but steadily refused, to the consternation of the captain, who pronounced such a diet to be fatal; and I must own I had my own misgivings on the subject. She would take nothing but hard boiled eggs and port wine, alleging that the vacuum produced in the system by continual sea-sickness required to be filled up by something solid and nourishing in its nature. I should like to have the opinion of the Westminster Medical Society on this subject: the result certainly proved the captain to be in the wrong, and the Senhoritta in the right; for the fifteenth day of the passage saw the vessel becalmed beneath the headland of Cape Frio, and the fair Senioritta perfectly recovered. Sheltered from the burning rays of a tropical sun by the wide-spreading awning on the poop of the vessel, and looking beautiful as Cleopatra when she sailed down the Cydnus to meet her Roman lover—beautiful exceedingly she looked, reclining on an Indian mat, her slender form half concealed by the graceful mantilla; at her feet lay her guitar ornamented with green and yellow ribbons, the colours of the new empire; while her two black slaves, with their crimson turbans and picturesque costume, formed a beautiful background to the picture.

I know not how it is, but with a Spanish woman the current of our thoughts invariably runs on love. The Senhoritta's ideas were *exaltés*. She dwelt on the inconstancy of men, and the vengeance that should follow unrequited love. "Her husband," she said, "if ever she were plagued with one, would be free to possess half a dozen mistresses if he liked it; but," she added, while her dark eye flashed fire, and her beautiful countenance was lighted up with a Medean expression of rage, "if he exposed me to the ridicule of the public, I would kill him!" and so I verily believe she would, for her spirit was of the real Castilian breed. "But I shall never marry, *amigo*." "And why not, Senhoritta?" "*Casarme carallero,*" she resumed in a tone of reproach, while her lip indignantly

curled; and, seizing her guitar, she sung with great animation the following stanza.

“No, no, quiero, no quiero casarme,
Que es mejor, es mejor ser solteiro
E sempre placentero
Del mundo, del mundo gozar.”

I shall not translate this stanza, lest I expose the morality of the fair Dolorcitta to misconstruction. Overcome with the exertion of singing, one of her black slaves was now despatched to her cabin for her fan.

Now how she had come on deck without it, was a mystery I could not solve, for as soon might you expect to see a Beata without her beads, as a Spanish coquette without her fan. Its power is universal. In the Alameda it is a semaphore, with which she will telegraph her lover at its most distant extremity. In the church it may be compared to a battery masquée, from behind which she pours the artillery of her eyes with fatal effect; while in the drawing-room it is the sceptre of despotic sway. But to resume our narrative: the fan was no where to be found. What could have become of it? The captain answered the question by saying that it had fallen overboard. I was never remarkable for the fertility of my invention; yet on this occasion, and only on this occasion (and most dearly did I pay for it, as will be presently seen), it received a powerful impulse. I flew down to the cabin to open my portfolio, to extract from its folds my passport—a large folio sheet of paper. To convert this into a fan, with the arms of his Most Faithful Majesty of Portugal skilfully and tastefully brought out in relief on the centre, was the work of a moment. Dolorcetta was delighted. “*Viva dios, que U.S es galan! que U.S es habil,*” she rapturously exclaimed, seizing the fan, and fanning herself as none but a Spanish woman can do. In the midst of all this moralizing, this singing, this fanning, the moon rose from the bosom of the ocean in all the bright effulgence of a tropical clime, bathing in a flood of light its glassy surface.

“There is a dangerous softness in that hour;
A stillness which leaves room for the full soul
To open all itself, without the power
Of calling wholly back its self control.
The silver light, which, hallowing tree and tower,
Sheds beauty and deep softness o’er the whole,
Breathes also to the heart, and o’er it throws
A loving languor, which is not repose.”

And Dolorcitta felt the softness of the hour—her animated converse was hushed—she drew a deep sigh, and suddenly—Heaven knows how it came to pass—her beautiful head rested on my shoulder! How long it rested there I do not recollect; but the southern cross had long passed the meridian, and was fast sinking in the west, and still found us lingering on the poop. We were alone, quite alone, for her attendants were fast wrapt in the arms of the drowsy god.

Now I will stake my existence, a heavy stake too! that some of my readers would feign know what really passed on this interesting occasion. I am not fond of gratifying people’s idle curiosity, but I shall for once depart from my reserve, and tell them, lest their thoughts should wander, that nothing did pass that should have passed—for a breeze suddenly came over the surface of the wave, the officer of the watch took it into his head to set the top gallant studding sail, and, in giving the order, he

awoke the two black slaves, frightened the Senhoritta, and obliged me to change my front. The breeze increased, and the calm, which I devoutly wished might last for months, was succeeded by a fair wind that swept our ship along at the rate of nine knots an hour; and by noon of the following day, saw her safely anchored in the magnificent harbour of the Rio de Janeiro.

Dolores and myself gazed enraptured on this masterpiece of nature. How happy we shall be here, what delightful rides we shall have!—we both exclaimed; but

“Medio de fonte leporis surgit aliquid amari,”

and a cursed *amari* there did arise, in the shape of an officer, whose duty it was to examine our passports. Dolorcitta's was found *en regle*, and so ought mine to have been; but, after a most diligent search, it was nowhere to be found. In the confusion of the preceding night it must have been blown overboard, and so I told the officer. This worthy, putting on his cocked hat with an official air, treated the matter “*au serieuse*.” Coming from a place held by the royalists, and without a passport, looked, he said, suspicious; and he should be under the necessity of conveying me to the citadel on the Ilha das Cobras, until his excellency the Minister of Police should decide on the affair.

Here was a pretty scrape. Dolores affected to be *au desespoir*, but still I thought I detected a malicious smile playing round her pretty mouth—the thought was dispelled as soon as conceived by the eloquence of her regrets, and the tenderness of her manner. “*Adios querido que estoy enfelez,*” pressing me to come to her immediately on my liberation. I jumped into the officer's boat, was rowed to the citadel, and handed over to the commandant of the fortress, an old colonel of artillery, in personal appearance the very prototype of the hero of La Mancha. This old moustache was a complete character; first of all he was a *Sebastianista*, and so firmly did he believe, as I was afterwards told, that Don Sebastian would shortly reappear to claim his kingdom and crown, that he had a short time before given 500 dollars to receive 10,000 on the day of his re-appearance. By his countrymen he was looked upon as a “*Varron eruditissimus*,” a very Talleyrand in politics—and vain enough the old fellow was of his accomplishments, for conceiving the opportunity a favourable one of shewing off before a foreigner, he regaled me with an oration of portentous length, every word of which was taken from Jeremy Bentham, a high authority among the South American liberals. The peroration of his speech was absolutely sublime. “The human mind had received an impulse, the spirit of the age would not retrograde, the eyes of the world were fixed on Brazil, which was majestically advancing to the goal of human perfectibility!” At this burst of eloquence, the pen dropped from the hands of the orderly serjeant, who was writing under his dictation at the moment I entered; and the sentinel that was pacing up and down the apartments, fairly halted—though the spirit of the oration was as perfectly unintelligible to them both, as Don Quixote's celebrated dissertation on the Golden Age, to the goatherds of the Sierra Morena.

Having, as he conceived, impressed me with a high opinion of his eloquence, he deigned to make a few observations on the circumstance that had consigned me to his care. “Young gentleman,” said he, twisting his moustache with an air of great complacency, “when I was at your age, I was remarkable for my gallantry, and great was my success with the fair sex,

but I now prefer more solid pleasures, (and so I soon found to my cost,) for, believe me, women are the very devil: and now, if you please, the sergeant shall conduct you to your apartment." And the sergeant I followed, little dreaming of the nature of my apartment. We traversed the quadrangle of the fortress, and stopped before a low door beneath a casemated battery, on opening which my ears were assailed by the clangour of chains and a volley of the most horrid imprecations. So noxious was the stench, that a momentary faintness came over me. "In the name of all that's just," said I to the sergeant, "this surely cannot be the apartment the commandant alluded to." "*Senor*," replied the soldier, "*nav hor remedio*, this is the *carcel*, and there is no other," and he spoke the truth, for in this empire, that, according to the boast of the old commandant was advancing towards perfectibility, I doubt if the name of our Philanthropic Howard was ever heard. The accused and the condemned, the murderer and the political offender, the innocent and the guilty, were all confined in the same loathsome dungeon. "Are you certain, comrade," said I, drawing out my purse and holding it up as a last appeal, "that there is no other apartment?" The soldier fixed his eye on the purse with an intensity of gaze, as if it possessed the faculty fabulously ascribed by his countrymen to an instrument in possession of the English mining agents, for discovering, by its optical power, the auriferous ore in the bowels of the earth. "Another apartment there is," he replied, "cavallero, but it will cost you dear." "Cost what it may," I eagerly rejoined, "let me have it;" for had I possessed the diamond district of Serra Frio, I would freely have given it to have escaped incarceration in a place to which the black hole of Calcutta was a paradise. The sergeant retired to speak to the commandant, and shortly returned, telling me, that for fifty dollars a day I might be accommodated with an apartment overlooking the bay. I closed with the bargain, was put in possession of my new quarters, and left to my own reflections. These were not the most agreeable; the shadow of a smile that I thought I detected playing on the lip of Dolorcitta, now assumed in my mind the semblance of reality, and produced a complete revolution in my feelings towards her.

On the following morning the consul procured my liberation, and I exchanged my expensive quarters in the citadel for a French posada in the city. After making an excellent dinner, to which I had long been a stranger, as I swung in my hammock in the verandah of the posada, gazing on the glorious scenery of the bay, my thoughts insensibly reverted to Dolorcitta. I was smoking too, and a segar leads to reflection; though I never smoke now, the Guards have made it so vulgar. The angry feelings of the preceding day vanished from my mind like mists before the sun. The bell of a neighbouring church tolled the Ave Maria, it was the hour of love; I felt its melting influence. Springing from the hammock and putting on my coat, "I will go this instant," said I to myself, "and call on her." Now should the reader think that I am tediously minute in mentioning that I put on my coat, he will be egregiously in the wrong, as readers often are. In the first place, it marks the climate. In the second, it illustrates a feature of national manners. "*Tout est relatif*," says a distinguished French author, "*les choses sont importantes selon le pays*;" and so they are. The dignity of a pacha is measured by the number of horse tails that are borne floating on the breeze before him. In China, a peacock's feather and a cup of bear's milk from the Emperor's table is

the highest mark of the imperial favour; while his neighbour, the King of Ava, looks upon the title of King of the White Elephant as the "beau-ideal of human grandeur." Now what the horse tail is in Turkey, the peacock's feather in China, and the elephant in Ava, the coat is in Brazil—it marks the caste. It is a passport of gentility, and previous to the revolution, the "*homem de casaca*," or the coated man, conveyed to the mind of the unsophisticated Brazilian as high a notion of human importance, as a K. C. B. does to an English ploughman.

So I put on my coat, as I said before, and as I passed through the streets, numerous and flattering were the encomiums bestowed on its swallow tail and pigeon breast; for the possession of a well made English coat was coveted even by the immortal Pedro himself, as he was at that time styled by his subjects.

After traversing the whole of the city, I at last, after considerable difficulty, discovered the residence of my *compagnon du voyage*, beautifully situated near the convent of St. Thereza. I flew up stairs, and clapped my hands (there are no knockers in Brazil, and I wish there were none in England), which produced a "*Quein es*," in the well known accents of Dolores. "*Gente de paz*." "*Entra u. s. con Dios*," and in I went, but, to my surprise, I found sitting with Dolorcetta, and in closer juxta-position than I liked, a young officer of *cacadores*. Still my reception was at first most flattering, nay, even tender. "Where have you been loitering, *Ingrato*? Why came you not yesterday?" For the best of all reasons, Dolores," was my reply. "I was only this day at noon enlarged from the citadel," and I related my adventure. "*Mot par mot*," *viva Dios*; what an amusing adventure! what a capital story to tell my *commadres*! What I would have given to have seen you at the door of the *carcel*; it is really an excellent joke, and I shall die with laughing;" and here the malicious creature sunk back on her seat, and indulged in an extacy of merriment at my expence. This was too bad, and in the rage of the moment I looked at her companion to observe if I could detect a smile on his countenance, that might have afforded me an excuse for cutting his throat; but though I strained my eye-balls from their sockets, I could not discover even the semblance of a smile. Seizing my hat, therefore, and clearing the stair case at a bound, while the *Senhoritta* exclaimed, "Do not go, *Senor Cavallero dela triste figura*," or in other words "Sir Knight of the woeful countenance," I passed the threshold of her door, and as I vowed never more to "darken it with my shadow," I heartily agreed at the same time with the old commandant, "*Que el diablo son les mugeres*." "Women are the very devil!"

NOTES ON AMERICA, NO. I.

Charleston, S. Carolina.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great number and variety of works on American manners, politics, and statistics, with which the British public has lately been treated, in the shape of sketches, travels, and dissertations, still the subject appears to have lost none of its interest; but, on the contrary, each new publication is read and quoted with greater avidity than its predecessor.

The reception which even Mrs. Trollope's work has experienced amongst us, is a proof of the untired interest which Englishmen feel in all that concerns their Transatlantic brethren. There is nothing in this scandal-loving-lady's book very novel or profound. It is in fact no more than a caricature, of the ill-educated Americans. A clever "yankee" would find no great difficulty in producing an equally ludicrous effect, by an exaggerated display of the vulgarity of the corresponding classes in England. The Broughtons in "Evelina," the Grimshaws in "Sketches of Character," and the heroes of Mr. Theodore Hook's Tales, are just as fair representations of the respectable middle classes in England, as the worthies who figure in Mrs. Trollope's pages, are of the merchants, farmers, and lawyers of the United States. *Haud inexpertus loquor*. A residence of several years in America has afforded me ample opportunity of scrutinising the manners and character, public and domestic, of all classes, from the President at Washington to his slave at Tennessee.

My design, however, in these sketches, is not to review the works of others, but to relate such occurrences, and describe such scenes and peculiarities of character, as fell under my personal observation, and would be most likely to convey to the reader a correct idea of the actual state of society in various parts of the United States: and it must be recollected that some account of what may be called the foreign, or emigrant population, will necessarily hold as conspicuous a place in any description of the inhabitants of a country, which has, for so many years, been the asylum of the discontented, unfortunate, and enterprising exiles from every other part of the globe. For the shelter which modern Rome has ever afforded to deposed monarchs, their oppressed subjects have found in the United States. The affrighted fugitive from Scio, the fiery Neapolitan noble, the haughty Spanish and Portuguese constitutionalist, and the heartbroken exile of Erin, all meet there,—to mourn over blighted prospects, and meditate on fresh enterprizes. There too may be seen the desperate slave trader, privateer, and pirate from Cuba and the Spanish main, the keen Jew from Poland, and the keener Scotchman from the Clyde, the dashing comedian and impudent journalist from London,—Turks, West Indians, Chinese, Negroes, and Hindoos, fill up the more prominent parts of the varied picture, in which the native Americans seem only to occupy the back ground.

This mixture and jostling together of men of all classes and nations is particularly observable in Charleston, the principal city, though not the capital of South Carolina.

Some years have elapsed since I first visited Charleston, but I recollect

the day I landed there, as if it were but yesterday. The yellow fever was raging, and as we sailed up the bay, and neared the wharf, the appearance of every thing was black and desolate—no hearty greeting, so welcome after a voyage—no boats full of anxious expectants of northern news and northern friends (for we had sailed from New York)—all was silent and dismal. The shore was lined by mourners, “clad in the dark livery of woe,” and dreading the enquiries to which such sorrowful replies must needs be given. We appeared like a cargo of condemned wretches, sent, like the Roman criminals, to perish in the Pontine marshes. Even the negroes forgot to chuckle with their usual recklessness of life or death, as they advised “Massa to take him care ob de yelly feber.” I walked from the wharf across the fine street called the Bay, along Broad Street, into King Street, that is to say through the principal part of the city, and did not encounter a living creature, man or beast. Scarcely a store was open, and the dwelling houses appeared to be nearly all tenantless. The master of the inn to which I had been directed, informed me, that two of his children had fallen victims to the pestilence the week previous; and another person mentioned, with an expression of countenance that denoted something between dogged indifference and sullen resignation, that his father also had died that morning. I found afterwards that my informant was a kind-hearted and estimable man, but the familiar sight of suffering and death had stifled his better feelings, and rendered him for the time impious and morose. I was advised to secure a nurse in time, as the chance of escape for a foreigner, not acclimated, was small indeed. All this was terrible enough, and I heartily wished that my better genius had kept me out of this city of the plague. Unfortunately, too, I had read Boccaccio, De Foe, and Wilson. My imagination, therefore, was abundantly stored with food for unpleasing meditation. The fact was, that we had been misinformed as to the sanitary state of the country, having been assured, that a black frost had already purified the polluted atmosphere, which was not the case till some days subsequent to our arrival. Then, however, an immediate change took place in all around. The houses in Sullivan’s Island (which is a long beach of white sand, devoid of vegetation, and lying on the side of the harbour opposite to the city) were soon deserted. Hundreds of long boats, laden with furniture and negroes, were seen lazily crossing the bay. The streets were speedily crowded by a busy population of all colours, whose present gaiety was evidently augmented by the depression of spirits, under which all had so recently laboured.

A stranger, entering Charleston for the first time by moonlight, would be struck by the romantic solitude of its appearance. The negroes are all locked up by ten o’clock, and the city guard of soldiers traverse the streets with noiseless vigilance. The fine old church of St. Michael, the exchange, and post office, at the foot of Broad Street, and the patrician residences which overlook the beautiful bay, give to Charleston the semblance of some old, half deserted, Italian city, while its sparkling southern atmosphere is not unworthy of comparison with the clearest and mildest sky, which lends a principal charm to the land of love, and painting, and poetry.

Charleston does not appear to have reaped much advantage from the revolution. There is scarcely a building of any size or importance which was not erected under the old dominion. It was a favourite residence of

the British governors of South Carolina, and prospered under their sway. Since then its glory has in great measure departed. The indigo and tobacco trades have been ruined. There is still a large decayed building in King-street, called the tobacco warehouse, which proves the extent to which that branch of commerce was formerly carried. At present cotton and rice are the staple articles of trade, which is principally in the hands of merchants from the north, who pass the winter or business season only in Charleston, and return in the summer to expend the fruits of their industry 700 or 800 miles from the place where they were acquired. An Englishman would probably consider two or three such journeys in the course of the year, a matter of some moment, but an American measures distances with a different scale, and to him, a journey by land or water from New York or Boston to Savannah or Charleston, is a mere bagatelle. Thus Charleston gains but little from the commerce which is carried on within its walls. The late prohibitory, or what were meant to be prohibitory, duties on British goods, press heavily upon it, by causing a reduction in the prices of cotton and rice, and an advance on the articles for which those products must be exchanged. If the last tariff be persisted in, and submitted to, it is evident that the southern states will be sacrificed to the northern. But symptoms of a sturdy resistance have lately manifested themselves, and it is to be hoped that a system, ruinous to many, and eventually profitable to none, will soon be abandoned.

There was formerly a considerable trade in slaves carried on from Charleston, most however by foreigners. But since this horrid traffic has been legally prohibited, I am not aware of any attempt having been made to continue it. It was a common saying in Charleston, that "the curse of God stuck to all slave-traders and their children," who never prospered finally. There seemed to be one, and I was told only one, exception to this rule, in the person of a very benevolent gentleman, the son of a slave trader. But during my residence in South Carolina, this exception ceased to exist; for the person alluded to failed in business, and "the curse" at last fell upon him.

The slaves in Charleston are, outwardly, the same happy and reckless set of beings as elsewhere. They are, for the most part, very kindly treated. Indeed, during a residence of two years among them, I never saw one maltreated or whipped. I am aware, of course, that this is far from proving that cruelty is never practised, but it shows at least that it is not common. However, as it may naturally be expected, these unfortunate beings, knowing that they have no property in themselves, show but little respect for the property of others; plots and insurrections are frequent, and during the winters of 1825 and 1827, we were continually alarmed by their attempts to set fire to the city. Some of these, unfortunately, succeeded too well, and a large amount of property was destroyed, especially in King-street, which is long, narrow, and combustible. Half of the militia force of the city, in which all able bodied whites are enrolled without distinction of rank or nation, is always on fire duty, or liable to be called out for the protection of the inhabitants and their property against the negroes, in case of a fire; I was up between twenty and thirty nights during the winter on this business. The blacks were compelled to draw the engines and extinguish the fire they had kindled, while many a fierce denunciation of punishment and revenge fell from the lips of their incensed masters. The fire in King-street above

alluded to, was the most tremendous one I have ever seen. The houses and stores were swept off on both sides of the way for nearly half a mile. Many of the shops contained kegs of gunpowder, which every now and then exploded fearfully. I cannot give an adequate idea of the excitement and alarm occasioned by this conflagration. Every one was aware that the negroes were constantly plotting our destruction, and that fire was the auxiliary which they chiefly relied upon to effect it. To add to our confusion, fires broke out in various other parts of the city, though, fortunately, they were soon extinguished.

At one time during the night, when the conflagration was at its height, and roof after roof fell in with a tremendous crash, I was engaged in conversation with an old gentleman, who, like myself, was for a time off duty. He was quietly speculating on the chances of the street being rebuilt, which, he said, the declining state of trade in Charleston would not justify. Upon turning round to examine his features more closely, I recognised the principal owner of the burning property, and the richest Jew in Charleston. I complimented him upon his composed demeanour, "O," said he, "I have lived long enough in this world, to take matters coolly even in such a fiery night as this is." He was a Pole, and had resided in Charleston some forty years. When he first arrived, he was quite destitute, and borrowed half a dollar from a fellow countryman and passenger, whom he lived to see reduced to great poverty, and whom, in gratitude for this old obligation, he constantly and effectually befriended in his time of need. I mention this as one among many instances of the benevolence of the individual, who is well and honourably known in Charleston. As I have before remarked, I was much struck by his calmness, and have always considered him a real philosopher. When the mansion of Joseph Buonaparte at Bordentown was burnt to the ground, great praise was bestowed upon its distinguished proprietor, for the quiet temper and *sang froid* he displayed during the operation. But there was this difference between the case of my old friend and that of king Joseph—the palace was insured!

About this time a circumstance occurred, which will serve to illustrate in some degree the relative station of the two castes in the southern states. It was found impossible to collect evidence sufficient to convict a negro of incendiarism, though it prevailed so alarmingly. But it was thought necessary to lay hold of some one, guilty or not, as it might happen, and punish him *in terrorem*. For this purpose a mulatto fellow was sentenced to be hanged, upon very doubtful evidence. Two householders and a magistrate constituted the court. It was, I verily believe, the intention of these parties to have procured a commutation of punishment, previously to the day of execution, but no respite arrived from the governor. At the appointed time, half the negroes in Charleston went to see the sport, for such they appeared to consider the hanging of this poor devil, if we might judge from the merriment in which they indulged on the occasion. The streets resounded with the laughter of the sable crowd. My own servant, a negro of course, requested my leave of absence to accompany them, because, he said, that "Copenhagen and he had been fellow apprentices in the same cooper's shop, and that he should therefore like very much to see him hanged." The plea was irresistible, and he went with the rest. It appeared, however, that the sheriff and his deputies refused to officiate as hangman, alleging as their excuse the notorious innocence of the poor

fellow. This did not prevent their offering a reward to any one who would act as their substitute, but no one could be found. After waiting till twelve o'clock, Copenhagen was taken from the gallows, where he had been grinning and talking all the time, and, followed to the wharf by thousands of his delighted fellow bondsmen, was put on board a sloop and sent to New Orleans.

There are two synagogues in Charleston, and some very wealthy and respectable Jews. The feast of the passover is celebrated by them with great splendour and heartiness, and the appearance of the young females of the persuasion, as they move about with their long white veils, is elegant and romantic. The young Jewesses of South Carolina are certainly the handsomest women I ever saw. The older ones, I am sorry to say, are peculiarly the reverse. The fondness for jewellery and ornaments, which distinguishes the Hebrew nation all the world over, is very conspicuous in Charleston. While the exterior of their dwellings is frequently dirty and neglected, I scarcely ever saw the inside of one, which was not furnished with a strikingly inconsistent degree of show and expence. A Jewish gentleman commonly carries rings and seals enough about him to furnish half a dozen London "swells" for the season. The Americans, in general, shew the greatest fondness for external ornament, of any civilized nation, and the English, perhaps, the least; but even in the United States, the Jews are remarkable for this *penchant*.

The fugitives from St. Domingo may be mentioned as forming one class among the many which make up the motley and varied population of this singular place. There cannot now be many of these unfortunate Frenchmen remaining, though at one time they abounded in Charleston. They were in general very poor, and had been very rich. A little knot of them were in the habit of meeting in a room behind a barber's shop, very early every morning, to drink French coffee, and talk over old times. They afterwards adjourned to the market, and were generally there as soon as the gates opened, to select their frugal fare for the day. Among these old gentlemen, there was one who particularly attracted my attention. He was formerly possessed of great wealth in the West Indies, and in anticipation of the negro insurrection, had remitted large sums to his countrymen in the United States, and fortunately also made one small deposit with an American merchant. Notwithstanding his foresight, he was surprised at last, and escaped with difficulty. On his arrival in the United States, he found that the funds which he had remitted to his own countrymen, owing to their insolvency and rascality, were not forthcoming; and his property was reduced to about 4000*l*, the amount in the hands of the honest yankee. Upon the interest of this sum, however, he might at least have lived in comfort. But he never could be induced to invest it in stock of any kind, and persisted in spending his capital till it was nearly exhausted, when he fortunately died. He kept no bank account, but had made up his mind to destroy himself upon the first refusal of his cheque. I ought to add, that in consideration of the value of his deposit, for upwards of twenty years, the bank directors had given orders always to pay the very moderate drafts, which the old man might have occasion to make, so that no necessity should occur for his putting his suicide purpose into execution. This, however, was no idle boast on his part, as the accidental dishonour of his cheque one day proved. The pistols were taken out of the case, and loaded for destruction, when a

breathless clerk arrived to apologize for the mistake, and prolong the old Frenchman's existence. I believe that Mr R——— was quite singular among his countrymen in his indifference to life, and determination to quit it prematurely, under any circumstances. For the most part, the national gaiety of spirit prevailed among these kind hearted exiles, in whose company I have passed many amusing hours.

One of the most striking and amusing scenes in the world may be witnessed upon a Charleston race course. I remember being present at the running of a famous match between two horses from Virginia, and one belonging to South Carolina. The two first heats were gained, one each, by the Virginian horses, and the two last by the favourite of South Carolina, whose name I recollect was Bertram. The interest always attendant upon a good horse race, was increased to intensity by the feeling of state rivalry prevalent all over the union, and which is called forth in all its strength on such occasions. Many a dirk was grasped, and fierce threat uttered. At last the South Carolina horse came up victorious, and the scenes which followed recalled to my mind Gibbon's account of the Blue and Green factions of Constantinople, when the triumph of a political party depended upon the speed of a horse. Ever since, the horse races in England have appeared to me to be very tame affairs indeed. I was in New York at the time of the match between Henry and Eclipse, between the north and south, which is well remembered by many as evidencing the existence of a spirit of rivalry by no means favourable to the future permanence of the federal union. But to dilate upon the topic suggested by the last remark is not my intention—at least not at present. It is of too serious a nature to be discussed in the cursory and rambling style in which these sketches have been thrown together.

I am inclined to think that some of the best society in the United States is to be met with in Charleston. Most of the neighbouring gentry or planters have travelled in Europe, and many have been partially educated abroad. They are well informed, hospitable and polite. In other parts of the union, it seems to be a matter of conscience to introduce subjects of conversation, which must necessarily be disagreeable to the Englishmen present. The battle on Lake Erie, and the affair at New Orleans, frequently form the subjects of discourse. But there is a high degree of polish, as well as spirit, in the courteous demeanour of a South Carolinian gentleman. I fear that this must partly be attributed to the practice of duelling which is common among them. When an insulting expression can only be used at the risk of a man's life, he soon learns to be sparing of them.

Kean performed twelve nights in Charleston during the winter, I think, of 1825 and 1826. The theatre is small but elegant, and the price of admission to the pit is the same as to the boxes. By this arrangement, those who can best appreciate good acting, have an opportunity of seeing it from the best quarter of the house.

I have witnessed Kean's performance in London, and the English country towns, and in various parts of the United States, but in my humble judgment, there was more real feeling of the beauties of the author, and just discrimination in estimating the actor, displayed in Charleston, than at any other theatre where I have had an opportunity of seeing Shakespeare performed. This was peculiarly to be remarked at the representation of Hamlet and Macbeth. I very much doubt whether

so many well educated men were ever collected into small a compass, as were to be met with in the Charleston theatre during the term of Kean's engagement; and I am informed, that that great actor himself was struck by the judgment, good taste, and thorough knowledge of Shakespeare which the audience displayed. I have mentioned these particulars, because I wish to do justice to the refinement and acquirements of a remarkable intelligent body of men, and because I consider a correct discriminating admiration of good plays and good acting, as better evidence of those qualities which I have attributed to the society of Charleston, than any vague and general encomiums and assertions.

ON THE NATURAL DEPRECIATION OF ENGLISH NOBILITY.

"Non sum qualis eram."

WHEN the nobleman fed his retainers in his hall, and was the rallying point for mutual protection against the tyrant of the neighbourhood, it was worth the while of rude and helpless society to foster his wealth and power. The power of the super-eminent chieftain or king, first, and next the laws, in some degree diminished the importance of the nobleman to general society. Neither of these were, however, enough materially to impair the sense of his grandeur and power, handed down from times, when sustenance and liberty depended on him. Thus the importance of the nobleman had, along with other sentiments and impressions of romantic history and tradition, rooted itself in the imagination and affections of the multitude: and thus, in spite of the gradual dispersion of wealth, and the progressive efficiency of legal and conventional, over arbitrary and individual power, the impressions of preceding ages maintained the nobleman's reputation for importance, when he had ceased to possess any other real power than that with which society voluntarily invested him: when the thriving merchant or tradesman was in fact of more consequence than he, in proportion as the former did more towards increasing the wealth of his country, and spreading that wealth into various channels of industrious and independent support.

Great is the power of imagination, and prone are most of the sons of men to imagine vain things! Were it not for the few wise, and discerning, and benevolent spirits of successive ages, who know truth and teach it, there is no ground to believe that information, attainable only by the understanding, would ever prevail so generally as to influence the mass of a nation. Had not books, and newspapers, and speeches, communicated to ordinary men the views of wiser men than themselves, amongst other such fictions as divine right, witchcraft, &c., we should at this day, as a nation, be firm believers in an exclusively inherent virtue of nobility to wield the power and direct the energies of our country.

We have, thank heaven, at last generally attained the conviction, that nobility has no intrinsic value, no inherent rights; and that whatever importance may attach to it in the present day, that importance is very different from the consequence of nobles in past ages; when, with all their failings, they constituted the only class possessed of energy and intelligence enough to manage the national affairs.

It does not appear though, that our nobles have kept pace with our-

selves in improved views of the nature and uses of nobility. They, almost all, reformers as well as anti-reformers, seem to labour under erroneous impressions of their importance. Without wishing to disparage the comparative liberality of those among them who have ranged themselves on the side of reform, we assert it to be impossible for an observing man not to perceive, that the truth respecting nobility which pervades the untitled intelligent classes has hardly yet dawned upon our titled brethren. All the evidence deducible from what lords continue to say and do, from their looks and general deportment, tends to impress us with the belief, that hardly one of them could yet from conviction adopt for his motto, *Non sum qualis eram*.

This darkness of the lordly mind has already proved mischievous to all classes of the community. We will try and show how it is that *the English people cannot think so much of lords as they used to do*, and that therefore it is unreasonable to expect them any longer to allow lords the power they have been used to possess.

It is long since the higher classes have reached the extreme point of real refinement. Whilst they were ascending to this, the community at large was really inferior to them, and had, therefore, good reason to acquiesce in their pretensions to superiority.

Since nothing human is at a stand still, but all things either advance to better or fall back to worse, our nobles, since they reached the summit of real refinement, have been naturally deteriorating into false refinement and luxury. We plebeians, in the mean time, have been availing ourselves of the means within our reach to ascend the moral and intellectual heights, which our betters had surmounted before us. Modern Europe, especially France and England, seems to have reached the crisis of general intelligence, when *the old homage paid to rank can no longer with sincerity be rendered*. This is, to a certain extent, the fault of neither party, and must have ensued, even had the nobles, in falsification of all experience, not receded from the eminence they once occupied. The people in comparatively free states must gradually assimilate their intrinsic qualities to those of their nobility, and cannot in the nature of things retain a full admiration for that nobility, as soon as they find its attainments within their own reach. "I had as lief not be, as live to be in awe of such a thing as myself." Had our nobility never abused their power, the people could not have been fairly expected to allow it to them as soon as they found themselves able to wield it.

Our nobles, however, have not proved themselves exempt from the common weakness of humanity, but have, at all periods of our history, gladly seized upon whatever the extravagant homage of ignorance has allowed them to grasp. Depravation of moral and political dignity has of course been the consequence of this selfishness; and now that the community, intelligent enough to discern the ends of government, and the fitness of means to attain them, cannot uphold nobles in misrepresenting those ends, and misapplying those means, these nobles are too blind to recognize the improvement of the community, or too selfish to confess it.

We cannot now a days, even if we were disposed to force ourselves, think so much of lords as we used to do; for we have more intelligence of things than we had; and in proportion as men become better acquainted with things, they naturally think less about persons.

No objection can then lie against the Reform Bill, on the score of its lowering the dignity of nobles. The natural course of civilization has already sunk the dignity of nobles far below the point of depreciation reached by the provisions of the Bill. The dignity of the House of Lords cannot by human means be saved from still further depreciation, as popular intelligence and attainments advance; and all this, not because the people grudge the superiority which nobles claim, for they have always been too prone to admit it, but because lordly dignity, having no existence in the nature of things, depends entirely on the opinion of society. The Reform Bill does not propose to strip, nor can it strip, nobles of the natural influence of wealth in conjunction with, or indeed without, virtue or talents; but it aims at disabusing nobles of the notion, that they possess any importance beyond what the rest of the community is in a condition to recognize. The Reform Bill only aims, in fact, at making the names peer, and nobleman, and lord, more appropriate in their signification than they are at present; more correct exponents of the political value of the persons whom they represent. Had not the country been deeply impressed with a sense of the *natural depreciation of nobility*, the Reform Bill would have seemed as monstrous to the country as it now does to the Lords; and thus the reception the Bill has met with from the country is an irrefragable proof that it was wanted; that Lord Grey had good reason to believe in the depreciated public estimation of his order; good reason to believe that its pretensions to power and control were no longer acquiesced in by the nation; good reason to believe that if these pretensions were longer maintained, they must generate animosity too fierce to be appeased by less than the entire humiliation of the pretenders.

We repel, as a scandalous libel upon ourselves and brother radicals, the imputation of tory lords and their minions, that our clamour for reform is prompted by a desire to subvert the order of society. We know the sentiments of the lower classes, better than do these slanderers. We bless ourselves that our lot has not been cast amongst those showy and absorbing vanities, which engross the nobleman, and shut him out from acquaintance as well as sympathy with the mass of his fellow countrymen. We, from our own knowledge of the people, can vouch for the fact, that, of the multitude of radical reformers, the ruffians who desire to rob the wealthy or degrade the honoured, merely because they are wealthy and honoured, are in numbers too contemptible to have the power of deranging the grades and institutions of society. We assert, that the almost universal sentiment of radical reform is a sentiment, not merely of just, but of generous, aye generous consideration, for the real rights and justifiable feelings of the upper classes. We affirm, it can be only hatred or ignorance of the people of England, which would deny the fact, that they are not merely willing, but anxious, while they vindicate themselves from oppression and misery, to award to their oppressors even more profit and honour than they have any right to expect from a community, intelligent and able to act without their assistance, as the English people have long since become. Knowing this to be truth, we likewise know, that if an impression to the disparagement of our nobles pervades the mass of our countrymen, *it is impossible to attribute this impression to the influence of faction in the innate turbulence of the people.* We know, therefore, that this impression has been

stamped by truth, and that it cannot be effaced, but by the ample concessions of these nobles; and that such a measure as the Reform Bill is the only mode by which such concessions can be made.

The admiring clown who stares over the hedge at the lord's equipage; the small gentleman who is proud of his lordship's acquaintance; all men, in short, in proportion as the range of their intellectual vision is extended, and their thoughts are occupied on subjects of higher interest, must, whether they will or no, think with less reverence of lords than they used to think. There is absolutely no principle in existence, upon which to work, even if it were worth while to save nobility from this depreciation. No help, for instance, can be hoped for by lords from an increased activity of the religious principle keeping pace with the advance of intelligence. This alliance must inevitably be precluded then; since for one sentence to be twisted by a courtly priest into a precept of religious respect for great men, there are twenty in Scripture plainly disallowing their pretensions, and calculated to detach us from admiring them. The enlarged intelligence of the community, when applied to the subject of religion, cannot fail to observe this. *Formal Reform then can do the great man no harm.* Time in its silent revolutions has already done him the mischief he complains of. It has not, indeed, made him in the abstract less than he was; but it has made other men greater. Reform in Parliament will be to him, if his spirit be not too proud to submit to the plain intention of Providence, instead of a curse, a great blessing. It will force him out of his inordinate self-conceit, and bring home to him the conviction of a common humanity. It will arouse his energies to a more lawful exercise of the great privileges and advantages still left him. Thus as he becomes conscious of a real dignity, he will be the less careful of slight observances, which still will be the more frequently and cheerfully rendered, the less he seems to require them. Finally, he will have nought to fear from the community; for as he will have ceased to injure it, there will no longer exist among the people a wish to retaliate upon him.

SONNET TO NOON.

'Tis Noon—the sun seems listening in the skies,
The thick air hangs all motionless and warm—
There's scarce a sound, but drowsy melodies
From the wild honey-birds in busy swarm,
Or the far tinkle of that music-note,
The sheep-bell, and perhaps a restless stream!
All other pulse of life is now forgot—
Nature is in her mid-day sleep and dream!
What a sweet somnolence steals o'er the mind
In the retirement of a country glen,
Where all our thoughts like gentle rivers wind
In heedless turnings, o'er and o'er again!
We fix on nothing, but on all we gaze
Wrapt, lost, bewilder'd, in deep Nature's maze!

W.

UNREPORTED CASES.—NO. I.

The Human Cuckoo.

ABOUT a year after Hosea Parfett,—once a flourishing farmer, and the last of a renowned race of wrestlers and cudgel-players, had, on account of his confirmed lameness, produced by a terrific in-lock from a Wiltshire giant, who had dared the whole village to a bout, in which Hosea, at the expense of a dislocated hip, threw him three complete pancakes—but more especially in consideration of his recent ruin by mildew, fly, murrain, and other disasters, been elected parish mole-catcher, Rachael, his seventh child, was born. Her eyes, when she first opened them to weep, were, as Brodie Bagster, the village song-maker, says, like little violets, filled with dew, peeping out of a spring snow. The same worthy, in a doggrel composition, which fits indifferently to the tune of Ally Croker, recording the story of her early life, observes that her hair was “silky soft and silvery bright” as the down of a nestling dove; her first tooth, a pearl plucked by a mermaid from some coral nook, in which its maker, the hermit-oyster—so he called the fish—had hid it; and her cheek a mark which the fairies had set up to pelt all day with rose-buds. Brodie said half a hundred other flowery things of Rachael, which it would have broken his heart to know had been better said, before he was born, of half a thousand others. Notwithstanding the hyperbolic compliments of her rustic laureate,—which, unsupported, would perhaps have rendered the fact doubtful,—Rachael, from the testimony of all who saw her in the early part of her babyhood, appears to have been eminently beautiful. She was, it is said, a living similitude of some fine old picture of a wingless angel, in the antique library at Scroby Hall, which her mother had had frequent occasion to visit, while pregnant, for the purpose of receiving from Sir Ralph, who was churchwarden, the pittance per dozen allowed by the parish for the moles caught by Hosea, whose pride would not permit him to appear in person as a claimant of the parochial fees to which his industry, absurdly misdirected as it was, by custom and promise entitled him.

Rachael was scarcely able to run alone when some mysterious malady wrought an appalling change in her appearance, and she became again a nursing—hideous from her extreme haggardness. It was said, and steadfastly believed in the village, that Hosea Parfett’s child had been stolen by the fairies, and that the creature which nestled in its place was an accursed changeling. Rachael’s mother began to loathe the baby on which she had before most passionately doted; and after pining for a few weeks, as Brodie Bagster sings, turned from the sun like a drooping flower, and died. Shortly after this event, the good women of the village, at a council held, one winter’s eve, round the blacksmith’s forge, resolved on compelling the fairies to return Rachael, and relieve Hosea Parfett of the changeling. The little creature was accordingly placed on a shovel, and exposed, the same night, at the back door of Hosea’s house, to the cold gleam of the setting moon. The attendant ceremonies were conducted with such powerful precision, that, if Brodie may be believed, the fairies thought proper to refund; and, three months after, a young farmer’s wife, who, having lost her first-born, had volunteered to become wet-nurse to the recent visitor in fairy-land, brought young Rachael back to the mole-catcher’s cottage, even more beautiful than when she was born.

Hosea's time was fully occupied; and he had already, not so much from love as necessity, it is remarked in the ballad, married a second wife, in the hope of obtaining a second mother for his seven children. He soon had an eighth, which seeming ugly by the side of Rachael, its playmate, the latter, at an earlier age than even the bad circumstances of her father could warrant, was thrust into distant employment. Old Sir Ralph's bailiff undertook to give her food and lodging, with twopence per month as wages, to drive the birds from his master's crops; but Rachael soon lost her place, being endowed, as Brodie says, with so sweet a quality of voice, that she attracted the creatures she was hired to scare away. So it fared with her in all her subsequent youthful services, some natural perfection rendering her unfit for those occupations in which a child less pre-eminently gifted, but with equal zeal and industry, would doubtless have excelled. At length—so says Brodie in his ballad—she was actually turned out of the choir, in which she had only sung for a few Sabbaths, because, as Reuben Orton, the leader, observed, with a confident appeal to his co-adjutor, the parish clerk, no less than three young tenors, and a middle-aged bass, lost time and marred all melody, by gazing into her innocent blue eyes with such heterodox enthrallment as though there had been no other heaven.

Yet, though admired by all, Rachael became an object of affection to none. The boldest of the young rustics looked up at her as she glode silently along, just, says Brodie, as they might at the moon, conscious of her beauty, but feeling no emotion of love; and, though she was known to be gentle as a lamb, rarely presuming to offer her a passing salutation. Except among the old and heart-broken, to whom she came as a ministering angel, Rachael had no companions, no, not even among such as were just emerging from their babyhood; for, on the lips of these their mother's milk was scarcely dry, before they heard the story of Hosea Parfett's changeling, and, as one who had been in fairy-land, and whose form and features seemed to retain some of its "lovely leaven"—we quote from Brodie—they deemed her awful, and quivered when she kissed them; so that, says our respected authority, in a note to his ballad,—adopting a bold figure, Rachael's beauty shrouded her from joy.

She was still a girl when her father died, after a lingering illness brought on, after a lapse of twenty years, by the fatal in-lock of the Wiltshire giant. His wife, with her child, removed to a distant village, where she had many relatives; and of Rachael's six brothers three had long been in the grave, one had gone to sea, and the other two were bearing muskets in the east, so that young Rachael found herself a lone being among her village neighbours. Brodie says she took to peeling willows, and making various fancy articles in wicker-work; but those about her either did not appreciate her taste, or felt no inclination to traffic with her; she was therefore compelled to carry the produce of her labours to a neighbouring town, where she stood like a statue in one corner of the market-place, asking no price, but silently receiving what those who passed thought fit to give her for her wares. None met her going forth, none beheld her return; she was rarely seen except on the Sabbath, when she modestly stole up one of the side aisles of the church, and took her place among the paupers on a stone-bench beneath the pulpit. Her decent neatness of attire on these occasions, and the care that was evidently, yet invisibly, bestowed on the little patch of rose-trees in front of her cottage, led the

villagers to keep more aloof from her than ever ; for no one could divine how, except it were by witchcraft, she obtained her means, it being allowed, even by the most slanderous gossips, that her reputation as a maiden was above impeachment. Gradually the old and heart-broken began to shrink from her charitable hand, and the paupers now made a large space at one end of the stone bench under the pulpit when she approached. Day by day Rachael was becoming more desolate.

At length the eldest son of old Sir Ralph, of Scroby Hall, while proceeding with his groom, at an early hour, to join a distant hunt, found Rachael sitting—the image of mute despair—among the fern on a small but lonely common, across which ran a foot path to the neighbouring market town. Some pieces of broken wicker-work, and one of her shoes, were lying near her. A small gold brooch, to which was attached a morsel of a shirt frill, appeared in the palm of her usually pure, but now begrimed hand ; which, as the young squire and his groom approached to raise her, she suddenly clenched, and thrusting it into her bosom, sobbed hysterically, “ Do not take it from me—you know not what it cost ! ”

With a humanity of which she seemed sensible, the young squire, assisted by his man, carried her by a back path to her cottage. The groom, with feelings less delicate than those of his master, was urgent for information, but he could elicit nothing from her except that she had been waylaid and ill-used by somebody ; but by whom, she either would not reveal, or, as it appeared from her manner, she did not know. He then suggested a minute inspection of the brooch ; which, however, she held so sullenly in her bosom, that his master at length told him, not to distress her further on the subject.

The patch of rose-trees in front of Rachael's cottage soon became a little wilderness ; and the paupers occupied the stone bench beneath the pulpit at their ease—fearless of her coming ; for Rachael's Sabbath visits to the house of God had evidently terminated. Months passed on, and at length a cow-boy, coming from a neighbouring revel, heard an infant's wail in Rachael's cottage. Some days after a little boy was found exposed, beneath the lofty porch of Scroby Hall, in a cradle of exquisite wicker-work, and protected with motherly care from the inclemency of the season. The child was however dead. The neatness of its baby blanketing, the beauty of its willow coffin, and the cow-boy's story, instantly brought a strong suspicion on Rachael. Reuben Orton, who was now constable, wished, he said, to confront her with the little corpse : but she entreated to be spared that pang, for it was needless. The child she would own at once was hers. She had gazed on him all night, and frolicked with him all day : work she could not, and want, bitter want, had come on her. Though few had longer, or perhaps brighter tresses, the Scotch pedlar, she said, had refused to purchase them, because he had been told she was uncannie. The child had driven her to despair by crying for that nourishment, which she had lost the power to give it. A wicked thought stole into her mind, and while frantic, she had accomplished it. “ On my way back,” she continued, “ I knelt on the stepping-stone, and drank from the brook. Before I had risen from my knees, I grew calm enough to pray for my child. My very heart seemed to open—I felt a gush in my bosom and flew back. The mile betwixt us seemed to be a thousand. The shadow of his cradle was still on the steps—I hurried on—clutched him up to my breast—and for a moment felt the full joy of being a mother ! He fell

like a lump of lead from my arms, for his lips had come to my burning cheek, cold—cold as a stone! He had perished!”

At the next assizes for the county, when most of the foregoing facts came out in observation and evidence, Rachael Parfett's name stood first in the calendar; but with a humanity usual in cases where a conviction for the most terrible crimes is expected, her trial, instead of being taken on the opening day, was postponed until the Friday, so that if she were found guilty, the intervention of the Sabbath, a *dies non*, might so far cheat the law, as to add one day to the little sum of life—forty-eight hours—allotted to the criminal after sentence. Notwithstanding all the ingenuity of the two leading counsel on the circuit, who had received briefs and unusually large fees on her behalf, from some unknown hand, the jury, without retiring, had, after a brief consultation, faced about in their box, evidently about to pronounce her guilty,—the dapper, slim associate of his relative, the judge, had already nibbled the pen intended to record her doom, and, in a tone of pertness, asked that awful question at which so many hearts have quailed, “Gentlemen, are you agreed in your verdict?” when a loud shriek interrupted the business of the Court. It did not come from Rachael—she had scarcely heard it; for her senses were dead to the world, and her soul, as the writer before quoted says, was apparently half way to Heaven. The sound, at the moment of its utterance had so completely filled the court-house, that many an auditor, in different situations, turned round to some pallid female by his side, and thought the shriek was hers.

After a brief but agonizing pause, a noble-looking woman, gorgeously clad, on whose brow, according to our rustic poet, the very dew of death seemed freezing, rose from her seat by the Judge's side, and, though her lips quivered between the utterance of every word, in a firm clear voice, tendered evidence on Rachael's behalf. While a carriage rolled by the court-house, shattering, as it did, at a moment of such intense interest, even the nerves of those who were not more than ordinarily sensitive, the venerable judge rose and offered to support the agitated witness. She briefly declined his courtesy; but he still stood gazing at her, with an emotion in which every spectator partook. It was the wife of old Sir Ralph's eldest son, who had now succeeded to his father's titles and estates. “Make way,” said she, in a tone of authority, and taking what Brodie calls a radiant cherub from her attendant's arms, “this,” she added, after having crossed the dock and placed the child on Rachael's bosom, “this, my Lord, is hers:—we must not see her murdered!”

Rachael held forth her hands half unconsciously, to receive the babe, which, as Brodie says, lay playing with her dishevelled locks, the image of young Joy in the arms of Sorrow, while the lady told her tale. Her own child, she said, had suddenly expired in convulsions, and while she was still weeping over its little corpse, the great bell of Scroby Hall seemed voluntarily to toll its knell. It was long past midnight, and her attendant, proof against all supernatural ideas, had boldly opened the entrance door. A baby, in its cradle, was on the threshold. Knowing her husband's deep anxiety to have an heir, she had been prevailed on to substitute the corpse of her own for Rachael's living child. Shame had hitherto prevented her from confessing the fraud; but now that an innocent fellow-creature's life was at stake, she could not hesitate to avow the error into which she had been betrayed. “The blooming boy,” she added, with an energy that seemed to be mingled with some indignation and more sorrow, “whom I have

this day brought into Court, is not mine, but Rachael Parfett's; and, from a brooch, which I found on its breast, I feel convinced it is my husband's. That brooch I gave him only a week before our marriage: it was a family relic, to which superstition had affixed a charm; and I felt hurt that he did not wear it on his wedding day. It was then Rachael Parfett's."

The story of The Human Cuckoo may be concluded with the following extract—at which many may laugh—from Brodie Bagster's second ballad on the same subject, written to a melody which he is said to have patiently coaxed out of his own fiddle:—

" And so, with that, this lady proud,
Plucked up her damask gown,
And sailed out of Court, like an evening cloud,
When the sun has just gone down.
And when she died—which soon befell—
Sir Ralph of Scroby Hall—
He married the lass he'd not used well,
And made amends for all."

W. C.

THE AUTO BIOGRAPHY OF ST. SIMON.

I WAS born on the 17th of October, 1760. I entered the service in 1776, and sailed for America in 1779, where I served under the orders of de Bouillé and of Washington.

At the peace I presented to the Viceroy of Mexico the project of establishing, between the two seas, a communication, which is practicable by rendering navigable the river *In Partido*, a branch of which runs into our ocean while the other discharges itself into the Southern Pacific. My project having been coolly received, I abandoned it.

On my return to France, I was made colonel when I was not yet three and twenty. A life of inactivity soon disgusted me; for to pass the summer "*en garnison*," and the winter at Court, was a mode of life to me perfectly unsupportable. I therefore set out for Holland in 1785.

The Duke de la Vauguyon, the French Ambassador in Holland, had just succeeded in emancipating this country from the influence of England. He had prevailed on the States General to combine with France in an expedition against the British East India possessions. Le Comte de Bouillé was appointed to the command of this expedition, in which he had selected for me an honourable post. For a year I was occupied with the execution of this project, which failed, owing to the want of skill of M. de Verac, who succeeded M. de la Vauguyon.

On my return to France in 1786, my renewed state of inactivity soon again disgusted me. I set out for Spain in 1787. The Spanish Government had undertaken a canal to establish a communication between Madrid and the sea; but they were in want of both money and workmen. I concerted with M. de Cobarrus (now Minister of Finance) and we presented to the Government the following project:—

The Count de Cobarrus proposed on the part of the bank of St. Charles, of which he was director, to advance to the government the funds necessary for the execution of the canal, provided the king would relinquish to the bank the right of toll. On my part I offered to raise a legion of six thousand men, (all foreigners), two thousand of which were

to remain in garrison while the other four thousand were to labour at the canal: the government to bear only the expence of their military equipment, and hospitals, as the pay alone of the workmen would suffice for all the expences of the corps.

The breaking out of the French revolution prevented the execution of this project.

The revolution had commenced when I returned to France. I did not wish to take any part in it, for reasons which I shall detail when I give an account of my political opinions. I gave myself up to financial speculations, and entered into partnership with a Prussian, the Count de Redern.

Fortune I desired only as a means to organise a large establishment of industry, to found a scientific school of improvement; to contribute, in one word, to the progress of intelligence, and to ameliorate the condition of man: such were the real objects of my ambition.

I followed, with ardour, confidence, and complete success, these financial operations until the year 1797. My speculations having succeeded, I found myself in a condition to commence the establishment of industry. A model of the constructions which I had undertaken may be seen in the Rue du Bouloy. The arrival of M. Redern frustrated my projects. I was deceived in the estimate I had formed of the character of this partner of mine: I imagined him launched forward in the same career as myself; but the routes we were following were widely opposite: he was running after fortune whilst I was toiling up the rugged sides of the mountain which bears on its top the temple of glory.

M. Redern and I quarrelled in 1797: immediately after our rupture, I conceived the plan of operating in a direct manner on the moral functions of man. I undertook to advance science a step, and to give a beginning to the French school. This enterprise required preliminary labours: I was obliged to form a correct idea of the state of human knowledge, and to study the history of its discoveries.

To attain this end, I did not limit my researches to libraries; I took lodgings opposite the Polytechnique School, and I employed three years in acquainting myself with the extent of the knowledge acquired upon the physical properties of inorganic matter.

The peace of Amiens enabled me to visit England. The object of my journey was to ascertain if the English were occupied with Encyclopædian labours. I returned to France with the certainty that labours of this kind did not occupy their attention.

A short time afterwards I went to Geneva, and made a tour of a part of Germany. I obtained on this journey the certainty that general science was yet in its infancy in this country, from its being founded upon mystical principles; but I conceived hopes of its progress on observing the whole of this great nation eagerly assuming a scientific direction. After having acquired and proved my scientific ideas in the manner I have just detailed, I took up my pen. I first published two volumes—"Introduction to the Scientific Labours of the 19th century." I however abandoned this enterprize, perceiving that I had badly commenced the exposition of my ideas. Convinced by experience that my judgment was not yet sufficiently matured to arrange and digest the work which I had conceived, I came to the resolution of publishing some letters, in which I have separately treated the questions, the partial solutions of

which are the principles I should employ in the organization of the scientific system.

The letters which I published had not the effect, as I hoped they would have, of leading to a general discussion; but this labour was of infinite service to me, first, because it furnished me with an opportunity of elaborating my ideas; and, secondly, because it excited the attention of some persons who communicated to me their own ideas on the subject.

My life presents a series of falls, and yet it has not been a failure; for far from descending, I have always mounted; none of my falls have brought me down to the point from which I started. Thus I have had upon the field of discovery the action of the advancing tide. At near the age of fifty, a period when we generally retire from the world, I am beginning my career. After a long and wearisome journey, I am at length arrived at the point of departure.

The public ought not to consider as definitive the opinion it has pronounced upon my conduct. I boldly claim from its justice the revision of this sentence; and for this purpose I shall offer some observations which appear to me worthy of its attention.

On perusing the works of the few authors distinguished by their labours in general science, we are induced to imagine, that in their private life they have been models of wisdom and of moderation; but reason and an examination of facts prove the contrary, and demonstrate that this opinion, founded upon first appearances, is altogether erroneous. Practical and theoretical philosophy differ widely from each other,—the same man cannot follow with success two careers. Let us examine facts.

Luther, Bacon, and Descartes, are, among the moderns, the three men who, in the path of general science, have most distinguished themselves.

Luther attacked the old scientific system. Bacon pointed out the means of organizing a new system of ideas. Descartes began the organization of this system.

The first said,—It is not revelation, but reason, that should form the basis of our belief.

The second indicated the means of organizing a scientific system, in which revealed ideas played no part whatever.

The last has declared that he would construct a world if they gave him matter and movement; that is to say, he undertook to explain the organization of the universe without having recourse to revealed ideas.

Luther was too fond of the pleasures of the table. Bacon was ambitious of honour and of riches. Descartes had a passion for women and play. Thus none of the three were practical philosophers. Let me now expose my reasons.

The more the soul is exalted, the more is it accessible to passions; but the highest degree of exaltation is necessary, in order to treat the grand scientific question in all its extent. We ought not therefore to be astonished at seeing theoretical philosophers, subject, more than any other savans, to the dominion of the passions.

We may consider this same question in another point of view.

The two sciences which form the basis of philosophy, are astronomy and physiology; that is to say, he who cultivates general science ought to study the universe in the great and in the little world. Astronomy is the study of the great world; in other words, it is the study of the universe upon a grand scale. Physiology is the study of the universe upon

a small scale ; for the most philosophical mode of investigating the phenomenon of human intelligence, is to consider the brain as a small machine, which executes materially all that is done in the universe, on the same principle that a watch repeats the movements of a clock. They are two similar machines, but of different dimensions. In order to accelerate the progress of science, the greatest and most noble of means is to study the universe by a series of experiments ; but it is neither the great nor the little world, but man himself, whom we can reduce to experiments.

One of the most important experiments to be made upon man consists in establishing new social relations. Now every new action resulting from such experiments, cannot be classed as good or bad, but after observations have been made upon the results ; and every attempt of this kind cannot be successful. Thus the man who gives himself up to the study of philosophy, can and ought, during the course of his experimental career, to commit many actions that bear the stamp of folly.

In short, it results from the nature of things, that, in order to make philosophical discoveries, one must

1st. Lead, in the vigour of age, a most original and active kind of life.

2dly. Attain a knowledge of every scientific theory, particularly those on astronomy and physiology.

3dly. Mix with every class of society,—place oneself in the greatest number of different social conditions, and even create for others, and ourself, relations that have not pre-existed.

4thly. To employ our old age in digesting the observations upon the effects that have resulted from our experiments, upon others as well as ourself, and to correct these observations so as to form a new philosophical theory.

The man who has followed this line of conduct is the one to whom humanity should grant the largest portion of its esteem, for he it is who ought to be regarded as the most virtuous, since it is he who has laboured the most methodically and the most directly to further the progress of science, the true source of all wisdom.

It will doubtless be objected to this view of the subject, that, at the age of eighty, Newton died without ever having violated his continency—that he was generous and economical—that he knew how to conciliate all his duties—that he laboured at the same time for the improvement of humanity, and the national prosperity of his countrymen, to the illustration and the fortune of his family ; in fact, that he had no other passion than that of studious labour, and that he was in every other path a model of continency.

To this objection I shall answer, that Newton was a great geometrician and a great astronomer, but that physiology occupied in not the slightest degree his attention, so that he cannot be ranked as a philosopher ; for science, as I have before observed, has two principal roots, astronomy and physiology, and these two roots are so disposed, that we must have a foot upon each in order to reach the trunk.

But it would, perhaps, be better to compare general science to a river fed by two sources, one of which enriches it with observations made upon inorganic bodies, and the other upon organic bodies.

Descartes navigated this river, and reached both its sources. Newton passed his life at one of them, but he never descended the river. The geometrician has not studied man—he has not fixed his attention on phy-

siological phenomena; he occupied himself solely with inorganic matter, and the means of calculating their movements. On one side Newton has rendered essential services, but on the other he has greatly impeded the progress of science. He improved astronomy and optics, as also every other department of physics relative to inorganic matter; but he led to the neglect of that department which concerns organic bodies, and was the cause of the almost total abandonment of general science.

Public opinion has not yet finally pronounced its judgment upon Newton; it is yet too much prepossessed in favour of the discoveries made by this geometrician. Descartes had already started facts. Newton was a more skilful hunter; he seized and mastered the greatest of these facts, and human nature lives upon this game with all the improvidence of young gourmands, who, when once seated at table, care not to inform themselves of the situation of the larder.

I return to the history of my life, which is the fact upon which are based my energy and courage, the extension of which is a thousand times superior to what they ought to be at the age I have reached. I repeat that my actions ought not to be judged by the same principles which are applied to the generality of men, because my whole life, up to the present day, has been one course of experiments. I shall offer an example of the difference which there appears to me to exist between the principles by which we ought to judge of the actions directed towards the ordinary end of life, and those whose object is experience.

If I see a man exercise his strength and his skill upon an animal with no other aim than to make him suffer (an animal, were it only a fly), I say this man has not received from nature an organisation favourable to sensibility, and I affirm, without hesitation, that he has a tendency to cruelty; but if I see a physiologist make experiments upon living animals, rip open the bellies of bitches in a state of parturition, and dissect dogs in the full vigour of health and life, I say there is a man who is occupied with researches which lead to the discoveries of processes useful to the relief of suffering humanity. The unfortunate Bichat was remarkable for his sensibility; Dubois, Boyer, Dupuytlen, are day and night on foot for the purpose of relieving the sufferings of men of every class of society. If again I see a man who does not occupy himself with the study of general science, frequenting houses of play and debauchery, and not avoiding with the most scrupulous care the society of persons of notorious immorality, I should say, there is a man who is lost; the habits he is contracting will debase him in his own eyes, and consequently render him an object of sovereign contempt; but if this man is investigating theoretical philosophy,—if the object of his researches be to rectify the line of demarcation that ought to separate human actions, and to classify them as good or evil—if he seeks to discover a remedy for the diseases of intelligence which lead those they attack far from the paths of happiness, then, I should say, this man follows in the track of vice, but in a direction that must necessarily lead him to the loftiest virtue.

All my efforts have been directed to obtain the most exact and extended knowledge of the manners and opinions of the different classes of society. I have sought—I have eagerly seized—every opportunity of connecting myself with men of all characters and every degree of morality. These researches have greatly injured me in the opinion of the public; but I am far from regretting it. My self-esteem has always augmented

in ratio to the injury I have done my reputation. I have every reason to applaud the line of conduct I have followed, since it has enabled me to offer new and positive views to my contemporaries; since the universal genius of the Emperor has not impeded me, and my admiration for him has not altered the independence of my thoughts.

It will be easily conceived that many most extraordinary things have happened to me. I shall in fact have to relate some most amusing and piquant anecdotes; but at this moment a more important labour occupies me—it absorbs all my time and all my faculties. I have yet a vigorous constitution. I live yet in futurity—when I am old I shall then begin to babble.

I shall terminate this first part by a comparison. A human generation may be compared to a year of vegetation.

In the spring the orchards are covered with flowers. Some blow—some fade—the greater part die and fall off before summer without having budded. Is not this a striking image of the children of a generation?

In the summer, the beauty of the orchard is of another description. We see fruits, some few of which are thriving, while the rest languish and fall. Again, is not this the image of the virility of a generation!

In the autumn the orchard still presents a beautiful aspect; its fruit is in full maturity: this is the spectacle of the happy part of a generation who have distinguished themselves by useful and honourable labours.

Lastly, at the commencement of winter the orchard yet presents some objects upon which the eye may agreeably dwell. Some fruits are yet to be seen. These are the old men, who, after having made numerous experiments, and carefully examined their results, preserve yet a sufficient vigour of constitution to give an account of their labours with animation, clearness, and precision. These men are philosophers of invention.

Conceiving that there are many readers to whom the above translation of St. Simon's account of his views and opinions would be acceptable, we make no apology for inserting it, although to others it may be familiar.

What elevation of sentiment, what genius, we discover in this fragment! It presents to us a man whose sole and unceasing desire was to exercise an immediate action upon his contemporaries. First, an enthusiastic lover of science, and endeavouring to found a Newtonian religion. Then the champion of industry and finance, and wishing to throw into the hands of the industrious classes the supreme direction of society. And, lastly, at a later period, when the Catholic clergy again endeavoured to assume their former influence, we find him writing the New Christianity. Such was St. Simon. A man who had outstripped the progress of the age in which he lived, and whose system at the present day is universally regarded as the wild chimera of an enthusiastic and overwrought imagination, the practical application of which was fraught with danger to the existing community. Admitting such an improved state of society possible as contemplated by St. Simon, we should guard against the error of supposing that it is near, and that there is a short and ready road to it open before us. The generous feeling and enlightened sentiment, however, at present pervading this country, almost justify every dream and vision of human advancement, and every hope of human cultivation and happiness.

CUVIER AND HIS CABINET.

DID you ever visit the Museum of Natural History in the *Jardin des Plantes*? Did you ever see collection so complete? And this not only in snakes and crocodiles, the monsters of the forest and the deep, and all the stuffed prodigies of the bestial world, for what to me appeared far more curious, were the specimens of animated nature—of man. Methinks we do not care enough to preserve the varieties of that species, so full of physical variety. Painters, indeed, do much in this respect, and might do more: it is their office. But the rogues alter truth; they must either idolize or caricature. Their sketches do not give the real thing.

For instance, of what interest and importance is it to behold, or be acquainted with the French, such as they were in the last century, under the different forms of powdered Marquis and cropped *revolutionarian*. Can a picture give you an idea of either? Certainly not. Nor can Paris itself, if you frequent its common or its modish haunts. But hie eastward, to the Faubourg St. Antoine; go to bask in the afternoon sun that warms the alleys of the *Jardin des Plantes*, and you will behold all these antique specimens of the insect,—man. They seem really as if they had just emerged from the cabinet of a natural philosopher. Nowhere are to be seen so many varieties of age in man, from the somewhat wealthy pig-tailed noble in his buckles and *douillette*, to the humble but halcyon veteran in drab, so lavish in the use of his only luxury, snuff.

Nor are the younger specimens of the French species less interesting; the self-complacent expression of the Parisian's countenance, proud of his garden and its wonders, contrasted with the astounded and admiring look of the provincial, who is stultified with wonder. Then the glee of the children, and the attention paid to them—one of the most amiable and universal traits of the French character being fondness for infancy—the peculiar neatness and chatter of the *bonnes*, the good, the almost genteel behaviour of all, supply one with many pleasing reflections.

There cannot, in short, be a more charming avenue to the temple of science. But the guide-book, or his passport, will have introduced the stranger here already. My purpose is to introduce him to the high priest of the temple, the great Cuvier. And here let not squeamishness be shocked. I am not about to penetrate his salon, nor reveal, after the favour of an invitation, the mysteries of his soirées. I respect civilized life and its rules too much to commit such a decided misdemeanour. But I may be allowed, methinks, to describe the person of the great naturalist, when his public lectures might have procured me the facilities, or to penetrate, as any student may do, into the cabinet which he occupies as professor.

This is a long room at the top of the building, so chosen to have the light from above. It is fitted up precisely like a tent, which gives a pleasing effect to a ceiling that naturally follows the obliquity of the roof in which it is. This might furnish an idea to luxury in a garret. But here is no luxury except that of affected rudeness: every thing is of the plainest kind, just what befits science. No rose-wood or buhl, not even mahogany. A *pupitre*, or desk, of deal painted black, high enough to keep the student half sitting half standing, occupies the space beneath one of the skylights. From over this appears a large pale immensity of face,

and such a forehead as Spurzheim might adore. The eyes, however, are singularly inexpressive. There is no sparkle, no glitter in that mind. Its peculiarity consists in the immensity and the store of the intellectual mansions,—I should add, in its internal order, for what is abundance without arrangement. Cuvier's head is enormous: so is his neck; the circumference of its envelope might equal that of a well-grown tree. This gives him a singular awkwardness of gait, the nether man being obliged to make mighty and unequal efforts to carry the weight of the upper or intellectual ditto.

It is impossible not to recur to the extreme singularity and simplicity of his cabinet. In a corresponding place, beneath another light, stands a table, equally fenced in by screens, as the *pupitre* of the professor. There sit his two acolytes, dissecting, putting the bones and parts of animal mechanism together, or else taking them asunder, with precisely the same aid of glass and intentness as watchmakers employ. Behind them is a huge, rude stove, which an old, sturdy, and silent domestic is feeding with logs. Opposite to it extends a sofa, but not for fair or scientific visitor. The skeleton of a young whale occupies all of it that books do not encumber. In every direction lie relics of all that is least perishable in life, at least in physical life. Curious specimens of the animal kingdom from distant parts of the world, from Thibet and the Andes, and the great deep. Here are the cetaceous and the mammifer side by side; the enormous *charpente*, the carpentry, as the French express it, of the mammoth, contrasted with some specimen equally curious in the diminutive. It was the opening scene of Faustus realized, did but the spirits of earth and air appear to the aged philosopher.

Alas! whilst I write, the tidings come that he has gone to join them. Cuvier is no more, and his departure has left a gap in science that centuries may not fill up. How death hath been prone of late to level his scythe at the lords of intellect. In science alone, how quick and great have been our losses: Wollaston, and Davy, and Young, carried off in a single year. Whilst France loses almost at once Champollion and Cuvier. I little thought on commencing this sketch of the great natural philosopher, that a few days would convert it into an article of necrology.

Cuvier was born in 1769, that great year for giving birth to genius, at Montbéliard, in the south-east of France, near the Jura. His father was an officer in a Swiss regiment, and destined his son to his own profession. But young Cuvier was too studious, and too successful in his class to be diverted from learning. He resolved to go into the church. The little county of Montbéliard, though now a part of the French territory, was then more German than French. It belonged to Wirtemberg, and Stuttgart, not Paris, was its metropolis. This circumstance had considerable and fortunate influence upon Cuvier, since, making him both German and French, it early communicated to him that largeness and universality in his scientific views, which he might have wanted had he belonged exclusively to either country. He went from Montbéliard to the university of Stuttgart, where Schiller happened to be his fellow student. And here he gave himself up principally to the study of natural history. From the university he went as tutor to a noble family of Normandy, where the sea-coast, seen by him for the first time, attracted all his curiosity and attention as a naturalist. It was some discoveries made here, since improvements in the classification, I believe, of the worm tribe, that set him in corre-

spondence with Mr. Geoffroy, St. Helena, and from this step his advance to the foremost rank in science was progressive. He obtained the chair of comparative anatomy, and showed himself as eloquent an expounder, as an acute discoverer of knowledge.

The grandeur and lucidity of his views and lectures attracted peculiarly the admiration of Napoleon. "That man," said he, "must be a good administrator." Cuvier was nominated minister of public instruction; how could there have been chosen one more suitable to Napoleon's ideas of education, which, we need not say, went to make all men arithmeticians and engineers, rather than generally informed and lettered. The "reports" drawn up by Cuvier were the very models of their valuable sources of information.

Fortunately for his greatness, nevertheless, Cuvier was restored exclusively to science in 1816. His being a Protestant alone was, in the eyes of the dominant party, a crime only equalled by his having been a Buonapartist. Cuvier retired (if the Jardins des Plantés, and all the society of Paris, may be called retirement) to his fossil bones and geological discoveries, the latter the most sublime and striking that he produced.

The Bourbons, for all their high monarchicals, soon perceived the utter incapacity of the old noble and emigrant party. They were compelled to have recourse to that host of *capacités* that Napoleon had developed and cherished. Cuvier, never very marked in his political opinion, was amongst the most useful, and he became again state counsellor, royal commissary, and burdened with political functions. He was the atlas of the *Conseil d'Etat*, or privy council, and to those who knew him it was inconceivable how he could get through the various and gigantic tasks committed to him. Like many great characters, his itch and inclination were for these pursuits, in which there was most name and least honour. Thus he took more pride in his counsellor's robe, than in his professor's seat. In the last year of his life, Louis Philippe appointed him a peer: he had been but a nominal baron previously. This new function of the aristocratic legislator pleased him vastly; so much so, that he abandoned the all important occupation of completing his philosophical discoveries, for the vain honour of sitting and debating in the House of Peers. And this was the thought of remorse that tormented him at his death.

I must profess myself no naturalist, and therefore quite unable to appreciate the worth of Cuvier in his discoveries; but the facts and principles which he established in geology, and in the ante-deluvian history of the earth, are such as to meet the intelligence, and command the admiration of the most unscientific reader. To Cuvier we owe the final blow given to cosmogonies and absurd theories. Through Cuvier we now have in idea the beginning of the world cradled at once in poesy and truth; we dissect its layers, and are made acquainted with at least its animal inhabitants. Cuvier's theory is harmonious with the account of the Bible; and in this respect he stands alone amongst the entire scientific herd of France. Indeed in his last lecture at the Sorbonne, in the College de France, Cuvier gave a formal challenge to the Volney school, and received no answer. I well remember in one of these lectures, his announcing, that if we take the heaps, formed either at the feet of mountains, by the wearing away at the top, or on the shore, by the daily carriage of the tide, and admeasure them by their rate of progress, we shall find them commence about the period assigned to the cessation of the flood. A murmur of approbation from the

young, of dissent from the old, met the remark. But it excited no discussion. 'Tis a pity that Cuvier would not allow, at least not latterly, these lectures of his to be published. And unless some kind unfaithful friend have preserved the import of his papers, they will be lost to the world.

PYROLOGY.

THE first sentiment excited in a susceptible mind by the newspaper narrative of a great fire, in which the ravages of the devouring element are depicted in a glowing style peculiarly appropriate to the subject, is undoubtedly one of deep commiseration for the unfortunate sufferers. After a few ejaculations, however, of sympathy and horror, a suspicion arises that the insinuation of the doubt as to the premises being insured, the old bed-ridden lodger in a garret which no ladder was long enough to reach, and the little child that has been missing ever since the calamitous event, are mere poetical embellishments, some of those *purpurei panni* with which all writers delight to adorn the subjects they take in hand. Having thus satisfied the claims of humanity, and perhaps being entitled to take credit for a little superfluous sensibility, one may conscientiously indulge an emotion of regret that next arises at not having been present to witness so glorious a conflagration. This feeling, so far from being the result of an unduly large development of the organ of destructiveness, is usually the concomitant, and, indeed, the token of a sweet and amiable disposition. A susceptible heart is ever most alive to impressions of the sublime and terrible, and the benevolent man is consequently fond of fires by nature. It will occur, moreover, to a reflecting mind, that all corporate bodies, including insurance companies, are proverbially devoid of feeling; and that the onus of a loss, by being divided amongst a great number of persons, becomes scarcely perceptible by any single individual. Pleasure, on the other hand, like useful knowledge, may be indefinitely increased by diffusion; and when we consider the vast number of little boys who are beatified by the opportunity of scampering after an engine, and screaming out fire! fire!—the wholesome excitement of some kind or other which is necessary to rescue nervous gentlemen returning home stupified by the miseries of a soirée from the contemplation of suicide,—the grandeur of the exhibition, and the delight of the beholders, as the showman says,—it will scarcely be doubted that a fine conflagration materially increases the aggregate of human happiness, which is the object of all good government.

There are some individuals, born under an evil star, who, although sojourning in the midst of a metropolitan constellation of sights, never have the good luck to witness any of considerable magnitude, except indeed those that are fixed and perennial, such as colosseums, cathedrals, and the like, and which obtrude themselves upon the aching vision *usque ad nauseam*. But a locomotive or incidental lion, a Russian prince or a fire, exhibits itself in vain, so far as these unfortunate people are concerned. They hear rumours of the appearance of a hog from Altrive, or a patriot from Poland; and they forthwith determine to frequent all places of public resort, to take tickets for all public dinners, and to adopt such other measures as appear to afford them a reasonable prospect of behold-

ing the new wonder. They might just as well endeavour to discern those celestial phenomena, which, on the authority of the almanacks, are visible only to the antipodes. Surely there is a fatality attending the affairs of men, else, how happens it that a person of a speculative turn of mind, possessing considerable apparent opportunities, and taking all proper precautions, shall never set his eyes upon any thing which he would not be ashamed, even in a letter to his country friends, to designate as a sight? Such a one may probably in the course of his career witness a fired chimney,—one of those ambiguous cases in which a magistrate has to decide whether water was legitimately introduced at all, and the firemen are entitled to the parliamentary reward—but it is very certain that he will never, on this side of the grave, behold a flame which might not be readily extinguished by as much water as Dr. — would *not* weaken a pint of brandy with. It is in vain that he struggles with his destiny, wandering in the streets at unseasonable hours, and in the dead of the night starting ever and anon from his repose, under the impression that something must be burning somewhere. His hopes are occasionally raised by a chance encounter with a fire engine as it thunders along, tearing up the pavement, shattering the windows, and killing the nervous in its progress; but he pants and toils after it in vain, generally running off in the wrong direction as soon as the object of his pursuit is out of sight; or if he at length succeeds in marking it down, arriving barely in time to see the newly invented, patent, powerful, steam fire-extinguisher commence its operations, which is always five minutes after there has ceased to be any thing to extinguish. Then are heard amongst the delighted multitude assembled on the spot, hypocritical expressions of condolence and horror, sufficient to make those who were too late to be spectators of the awful scene die of envy; but nothing igneous is visible, save only a contemptible shower of sparks, such as would disgrace the dying moments of a Vauxhall rocket.

To enjoy many opportunities of seeing great fires, there are three things essential; good luck, argus eyes, and an insinuating address. There is no need of many arguments to demonstrate that the first of these is the greatest and most important. It is also manifest, that, however propitiously inclined fortune may be, any one who could avail himself of her bounties to the utmost extent, should not receive her overtures with looks rivetted to the ground, like the shade of Dido listening to Æneas in the infernal regions. The blind goddess would in vain mark as her favourites those who are labouring under her own infirmity of vision. To what purpose is a fine exhibition thrown in the way of one who has no speculation in his eyes? To what purpose is it that the horizon shall be suddenly and vividly illuminated, as a sign that a conflagration is raging beneath, and as a beacon to direct the footsteps of wandering mortals to the spot, if wandering mortals will not use ordinary circumspection? The third and last of the qualifications above enumerated is useful in securing a good situation in a crowd. It is exceedingly well known to all those who are partial to exhibitions in the open air, that the most convenient spot for seeing is invariably occupied by a strong and numerous array of the police. Now it is not to be expected that by the mere receipt of one pound a week out of the parish rates, a man shall be divested of that natural feeling of curiosity which is common to all; and policemen have as good a right to see as other people; but it is submitted that the mem-

bers of the respectable body alluded to do, in this particular, take an unfair advantage of their station and authority. Suppose a foreigner, newly arrived in London for the purpose of *lionising*; suppose him to sally forth, on a day appointed for the prorogation of parliament by the king in person, to Palace Yard, in the vain expectation of having his eyes blessed with a glimpse of majesty; and lastly, suppose him, upon enquiring concerning certain individuals in blue coats and white buttons who interposed themselves between the spectators and the royal *cortege*, and engrossed the whole of the spectacle to themselves, to be informed that they were the "civil" power of this enlightened country; what notion would that foreigner entertain of English civility? The most effectual remedy at present for this public grievance is a benign and affable expression of countenance united with some powers of palaver. Therefore the lion (the term is used here in its active and not in its passive signification) should study all the writers on the graces from Chesterfield downwards, in order to acquire those arts by which the affections of all classes of people are conciliated. These accomplishments, if duly applied, on the proper occasions, more especially in the case of a fire, will not fail to secure for their fortunate possessor a place in the inner or dress circle, as it may be styled, of spectators. A single wink of the eye (from an Irishman) has been known to effect wonders in the case of a policeman under the rank of inspector.

To admirers of the devouring elements, various expedients might be suggested for insuring early intelligence of all its proceedings. Amongst others the opportunity of securing a sleeping apartment in the house of the person to whose custody the key of the parish engine is confided, will of course be seized with alacrity. In seeking, however, to avail himself of all legitimate opportunities of gratifying a propensity which is only innocent so long as it is not carried to excess, the amateur should proceed discreetly and cautiously, since a passion for fires, if immediately indulged, may possibly seduce a person of ardent temperament into the commission of arson.

The principal towns of the British empire, phlogistically considered, are not by any means to be commended. The "wooden walls of Old England," it is well known, is a mere metaphorical expression: the walls of England are not wooden, but chiefly composed of fire-bricks, or some other such non-combustible material. Moreover, no sooner does a policeman on duty discover a stray spark issuing forth from a solitary chimney, than the whole metropolis, with its hundred insurance offices, and its thousand engines, is in motion, and the suspected spot is forthwith deluged with the contents of pumps, canals, rivers, and reservoirs. Under these circumstances, looking at an affair of the kind merely as a wrestling match or a set-to between the two elements of fire and water, it is quite evident that the former has not fair play in the struggle. In Constantinople, whenever a conflagration takes place, at least the entire quarter of the British, or some other residents, is razed to the ground: but in old England the day is confessedly gone by for a fire, which shall commence in a Pudding Lane and end in a Pie Corner. This is not said in a spirit of repining or discontent, but is merely stated as a fact. The narrow crowded streets and wooden architecture of the Elizabethan age, find but a sorry substitute in the scattered theatres, warehouses, and spirit vaults of the present day. It was once imagined that the duty on tallow and sea borne coals was

a grand obstacle to the propagation of fires. The obnoxious impost was consequently repealed. And what has been the result? The number of interesting cases (to use the language of Medical Reports) so far from increasing, has been continually falling off; and Government is now driven to rely on the Reform Bill as a forlorn hope. Something perhaps would be effected by a heavy tax upon fire engines: surely they might be included together with steam boats in the next ministerial budget.

In the same spirit of philanthropy which has dictated the foregoing remarks, the following random suggestions are offered. The advantage which Juvenal points out as peculiar to those who reside in a garret, is submitted to be of an equivocal character; it is this, that if a fire commences in the basement story, the man who is nearest the roof will be the last to be burnt,

Ultimus ardebit quem tegula sola tuetur—a pluvio.

Most assuredly it would be desirable to postpone such a catastrophe till the latest possible moment; but perhaps the object will be attained quite as well by eschewing the top of the house, at least until some improvement shall been effected in the construction of escape-ladders. Those who have a horror of being burnt to death will do well not to indulge in spiritual liquors to excess, since a body which is thoroughly saturated with brandy is likely to go off in a spontaneous combustion. Other precautions will probably suggest themselves to most prudent individuals for avoiding personal danger from fire. And this should be the more especially attended to, as it will be scarcely possible for any one to regard even the finest conflagration with any degree of comfort and complacency, on an occasion when the probability is that he himself will be a prey to the fury of the devouring element.

It will perhaps occur to some people that all these things have been written in jest, and that it is utterly impossible to derive any enjoyment whatever from an occurrence which is always a calamity, and which must always necessarily involve mischief and destruction to a certain extent. But a philosophic poet of antiquity tells us, that it is pleasant to behold, from a place of security, such scenes as a ship in distress, or a battle, not on account of any malicious satisfaction which the spectator derives from the calamities of other people, but because it is gratifying to reflect that he is not himself exposed to the evils which he contemplates. And this may account for the marvellously great appetite of the reading public, for the details of the most flagitious offences, and of the most horrible accidents. And if so much gratification is derived from the mere newspaper account of a fire, when all its excitements, and all its poetry have evaporated in description, surely it is not unnatural to be delighted with the scene itself in all its glowing and vivid reality. Have not conflagrations been frequently represented on the stage? Has not Moscow been burnt innumerable times at Astley's, amidst the most rapturous applause from admiring and enlightened audiences? Let the man who decries a passion for fires reply conscientiously to the question, whether he ever beheld one? If not, then let him take the first opportunity of doing so, and in the mean time hold his peace; but if his answer should be in the affirmative, then let him be aware that he stands convicted of utter bad taste at the bar of public opinion, at once the most tremendous, and the least fallible of all earthly tribunals.

M.

THE REFUGEE.

A Dramatic Sketch.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "MERCHANT OF LONDON."

SCENE.—A *Drawing-room, simply but elegantly furnished, opening to a Lawn, with a quiet picturesque Landscape: deep Woods in the half-distance. A Summer's Evening just after Sunset.*

CHARACTERS.—*The Earl of ———; Lady Julia, his daughter; the Conde de ———; Don Ribeiro de ———; other Guests, male and female, Foreigners and Natives.*

EARL. That was a sweet air, Julia, one of those
On which the pleas'd ear lingers. There are melodies
That never pall the sense, and this is one
To me.

CONDE. 'Tis beautiful.

RIBEIRO. Ay, very beautiful,
And sweetly sung.

CONDE. And blends deliciously
With the mellow sunset.

JULIA. You have ta'en perhaps
Its tone hence, and the fine association
Pleases you.

CONDE. Nay—

JULIA. There are some Spanish airs
Which I have heard, that speak true poetry
Of music: such as burst from the full heart
In the natural shout of triumph, or the wailings
Of tenderness ill-fated, or break forth
In throes of o'ercharged pleasure: some, the echoes
Of nature's solitudes, sometimes simply telling
Of peace and beauty, sometimes raised aloud
To piety and worship. Every land
Hath legends of the soul like these. Old lays
Echoing th'eternal passions: thoughts still new
In their pure wisdom, sounds still new in beauty,
And far more touching than the lays of Spain.

RIBEIRO. There is a rough war-song—

CONDE. A war note comes
From Don Ribeiro like the fiery snortings
Of a charger before battle, when his nature
Is waken'd by the trumpet.

EARL. Sing it, sing it!
At such a moment even I could sing;
'Tis part of conversation.

RIBEIRO. You shall have it.

Now the last charge!
 The sun goes down in blood,
 But not so red,
 As the grassy bed,
 Of the thousand Moors who firmly stood
 With sabre and with targe.

Charge! charge once more!
 The infidels must yield;
 Bravely they've fought,
 And dearly bought
 Shall be the trampled field,
 Sodden with human gore.

Charge, charge again!
 What is it now to die?
 Conquer'd who'd live?
 And who'd not give
 His life for victory,
 A victory for Spain?

JULIA. It thrills me.

EARL. Aye; the air is bold and stirring,
 And makes the pulse of an old warrior beat
 With youthful quickness.

RIBEIRO. You should hear the song
 In its own country; you should be a Spaniard
 To hear it. These things ever speak to me
 With such a mingled voice of memory
 And melody. To hear them in one's land,
 The noble hymns of war, chanted aloud
 By myriad armies, ringing round the hills,
 The lion-voice of freemen. I have heard it—
 Oh! I have heard it once, when my own tent
 Was the mausoleum of my ancestors,
 Who had joined in the same song, ere they led forth
 Their bands to conquest. Yes, I've heard the song,
 When my own name was the battle-word, a name
 Had been among the victor cries of Spain
 For ages, and had never lost its spell
 Till now, when freedom joined with it, a cause
 The noblest and the last it e'er shall grace.
 Yes, it was something that the very word
 Was a historic record, and would raise
 A flush in every cheek, in every heart
 A throb of glorious pride, that Spain should own it,
 And here an unknown, an unheard of sound:
 Would I had died then with it! for my country
 Is now a ruin, a sad wreck, where honour
 Lies buried, and the fame of my great forefathers

Cast on the shore for pilfering slaves to spoil,
 Blasting their glories with the shames of Spain.
 I go too far, I wrong your hospitality:
 I should be more contented. I owe much
 To England;—but I've now no country.

EARL.

True!

But immortality has given such names
 To all ages, and all lands; and such is yours.

RIBEIRO. Thanks, my lord.

CONDE. I remember that a friend
 Of mine, an Englishman, praised once a song,
 With which, upon our lonely bivouac
 In the French war, near Salamanca, once
 I wiled away the night—poor Leveson!
 He fell next day.

JULIA. What is it?

CONDE. You shall hear.

JULIA. Your lute is by your hand, you looked for it.

CONDE. Yes, it will aid a rough voice.

JULIA. You play well.

The Conde's Song.

May I not tell, oh! gently tell,
 Feelings so kind, so pure, so true?
 What means the silent, fearful spell,
 That prompts, yet checks me, when I'd sue?

Oh read, then read, my burning cheek,
 Are mine eyes dumb? how unlike thine!
 Of love, of hope, of heaven they speak—
 Does nothing answer them in mine?

The cork-tree waveth silently,
 In the soft sighing breeze of night,
 Fair Seville's towers pensively
 Shadow the placid moon's pale light.

My soul is full of love and thee,
 Even nature hallows the firm spell,—
 And will not nature plead for me,
 When to my heart it speaks so well?

JULIA. 'Tis fanciful.

RIBEIRO. And fancifully sung.

EARL. Why, yes; the Conde is young, and half believes
 Love's dreams realities.

CONDE. Are they not so?

EARL. Credulity in them grows not with age,
We break the spell at fifty. Why, what a crowd
Of things impossible, are in your song!

CONDE. Aye, you may banter, but as once I heard it,
You had yielded to its magic, and believed
That, and a thousand times as much, for her
Who sung it. 'Twas a black-eyed maid, so pale,
So gently thoughtful, with a low soft voice,
That you would list to as sweet bells far off,
When the night wind just wafts their holy sound.
She took the veil soon after: as I think,
'Twas the last song of earth she ever sung.

JULIA. She took the veil! poor girl!

EARL. How Julia pities
So hard a fortune!

CONDE. 'Twas an eve of which
This somewhat may remind me—but the air
Of eve in Spain—Where was I? We were seated
In a balcony. I was then a stripling,
Some three or four joyous yet gentle girls,
This pale one, and a reckless youth, who smiled
As her eye fell upon his, with a meaning
I knew not, yet remembered her look fell,
Nor sung nor said she more—and I've since thought
'Twas the last breathing of a passionate heart,
That murmured in that song.

JULIA. And he regarded not?

CONDE. No.

EARL. That was dull of him, eh, Julia?
'Twas not yourself, Conde?

CONDE. No, thank Heaven, I sported
With gayer triflers; for I was gay then,
Young, full of hope, one to whom chivalry
Comprised existence. Gallantry and fame
My idol and my care.

EARL. You're yet that boy, Conde.

CONDE. Oh that I were! that I could once more dwell
Among such beauteous visions, such fair truths!
To live in the romance of my own land,
My own beloved Spain! Oh! to recal
Its skies, its hills, its waters, its bright clime,
Its old accustomed manners, charities
Of native country, and of infant home;
Its songs, its loves, its sorrows, and its mirths!
I am a banished man. * * *

THE PORIOTE DOCTOR.

I HAD been but a few days in Napoli di Romania, the capital of Greece, when I was ordered to embark for Damala, a small village opposite the island of Poros, to join the regular troops under Colonel Fabrier, to which corps I was attached. My arrangements for travel being very speedily completed, I paid mine host of the Locanda, and with all my worldly possessions contained in the knapsack at my back, I went down to the quay in search of a *caïque*, gladly bidding adieu to the dirty narrow streets, pestilential atmosphere, and motley population, of the first of Greek cities. I luckily met with a *lavouken*, who, plying for passengers as he pronounced it "*dia ton Boro*," and wanting only one of his complement, readily agreed to take me for two piastres, (about eight pence.) I stepped on board his *caïque*, an odd crank-looking kind of craft, with a mast raking forward at an angle of 45° . I found myself in company with six or seven individuals of different nations, calling themselves Philellenes, but being in reality adventurers like myself, and having as much affection for the Greek cause as I have for the reigning prince of Timbuctoo.

There was an old drunken Gascon whom I shall call Garelle; he lay upon the shingle which served to ballast the boat, as I thought in a state of stupid intoxication. I remarked to one who sat next me, "*qu'il etait sou comme un cochon*," to which Garelle, who, I suppose, had detected my island accent, replied, "*Mille pardons, Monsieur, je suis sou comme un Anglois*."

When the laugh occasioned by this repartee had subsided, I was addressed by a strange looking being, whose operations I had been watching with considerable interest for some time. He had been sitting cross-legged on the half-deck making his toilet: his age was about sixty; his head, as carefully divested of hair as though it had belonged to the most rigid of the disciples of Mahomet, was covered with a folded napkin, which he occasionally dipped in the water; he had been carefully plucking from his moustachios all straggling irregular-growing hairs, till he succeeded in making the upper edge as sharp and defined as though it had been cut upon copper by the burin of an engraver. The finishing touch was then given to them by means of a ball of dark wax, with which they were blackened, and made to turn up at the corners, imparting to them an aspect "*piu feroce*," as the armourer of Constantinople said to Byron, when endeavouring to sell him a flame-fashioned Damascus. The eyebrows having been carefully coloured to match, the napkin was superseded by a luxuriant juvenile jet wig, shining as brightly as olive oil could make it. Although I could not but feel a contempt for the frivolity of his occupations, there was nevertheless an air of "*bonhomie*" about him which delighted me exceedingly. He extended to me the right hand of fellowship, saying, "Sare, how do you do; Sare, je suis charmé to make de you connaissance." I expressed my satisfaction at meeting one who spoke my language—a white fib which won the old man's heart,—and we became excellent friends. Papa Clement—for Clement was his name, the Papa being invariably affixed by his comrades—then told me that he had been for some years a prisoner of war at Stapleton, near Bristol, and dwelt with particular unction on the manifold kindnesses he had received at the hands of von Mr. Alder-

man Jon-Brown, Mrs. Alderman Jon-Brown, and Miss Alderman Jon-Brown, magnates of the aforementioned city of Bristol. To the urbanity of Papa Clement was added a more sterling quality. He was an excellent cook, a vocation in the exercise of which Papa Clement never had an equal, for cooks in general will draw largely upon the commissariat, whereas Papa Clement, like the monk who made stone broth, went to work upon nothing, and nevertheless produced invariably a good repast. He had followed the steps of Napoleon to Moscow and back, and had fought in his last field. Such had been his lot after the restoration, that he found the nominal pay of forty piastres a month, as captain in the 2nd battalion of the regulars, and the real Yemeklik of seventeen paras per diem, (about three-halfpence,) a considerable improvement in his circumstances.

The next in order was a light-haired, blue-eyed, broad-faced, ruddy-cheeked, Bavarian. His dress was that of an officer of the Tactikoi, but he had lain aside the cumbrous chacot for the light crimson Barbary cap, always worn by the Greeks. On either thigh was suspended one of his national weapons; on the left the schlaeger; and on the right the formidable boar-knife, with a buck-horn haft that would have fitted the fist of a giant. There were two Portuguese, an Italian, a Pole, and a Corsican, none of whom were particularised by any marked peculiarities, beyond those of their respective nations.

The hot sun beat fiercely down upon us as we lay becalmed for several hours in the beautiful Gulph of Napoli; even old Taygetus seemed to drop a portion of his snowy mantle as the day advanced. At length came the short-lived twilight of the east, and with it the off-shore breeze bearing on its wings the aroma of a thousand herbs. Who that has not visited an Eastern clime can tell the delight with which this portion of the day is welcomed. The moody Mussulman takes his solitary walk where the melancholy cypress throws its dark mantle over the ashes of his fathers; there, on some turban stone, he sits enjoying bright visions of his promised paradise, till the loud "Allah ackbar," of the Muezzin from the neighbouring mosque reminds him of the hour of prayer. The light-hearted Greek flings his capote across his shoulder, and with a gay elastic step he seeks the most public promenade of the city. He hears and tells the news; he exchanges his own inventions of the day for those of others.

We arrived at Poros too late to continue our journey thence to Damala the same evening, and were consequently obliged to take up our abode in a Kaphéné. The ground-floor consisted of a single room, one end of which was occupied by hogsheads of wine, faggots, charcoal, and all the "*materiel*" of a Greek coffee-house keeper; round the other end ran a low wooden bench, whereon were seated two or three grave looking elderly Greeks, smoking their arquilas or water pipes, and sipping their coffee in silence. The revolution has not yet effected any change in the olden Greeks, whose habits and manners are formed on those of the Turks. In the centre of the room on a pillar of sun-baked clay, about three feet high, stood a well polished Mangal—a brazier, containing ignited charcoal, at which the coffee is made, and other culinary operations performed. The floor was of mud, the ceiling of dried myrtle bushes, laid thickly over rafters of roughly torn pine, and on the bushes again a layer of mud, forming the floor of an upper apartment, which was only half the size of the lower one, the remainder of the roof being dignified with the name of a terrace, on which in the summer heats the natives are accustomed to sleep. The ascent to this upper story was of the rudest description, being

the trunk of an unsquared pine-tree, with some of the smaller branches nailed transversely to it. The only eatables with which our host could furnish us, were eggs, salted curds, made of goat's milk, and kept in bags made of the skin of the same animal, with the hair inside, black olives, and oil, but these incongruous materials were, by the art of Papa Clement, so harmoniously blended together as to produce a savoury and delicious omelette. We were supplied from an enormous wooden hooped bicker with a diluent called *crassee*—I am unwilling to translate it wine, although it is made from the juice of the grape—a beverage having a most iniquitous twang of resin, highly lauded by our host, pronounced by the initiated palates of my comrades to be excellent, but which I was only enabled to swallow by the most powerful efforts.

Our meal being ended we retired to rest; I, Kleber, and the Italian, preferring the open terrace, and leaving the upper apartment to be occupied by the rest of our party. I, a soldier of three days standing, indignantly refused the share of his mattress, which Kleber offered me, and lay down in my capote on the mud roof of the Kaphè. I was surprised to see the phlegmatic German, who was an old campaigner, making his night toilet. After divesting himself of his heavier articles of wearing apparel, he produced a large linen bag, having two smaller ones stitched to its upper corners, very like an ordinary night-gown, "*paris componere magna*," except in having no outlet for hands or feet, and in being drawn tightly round the neck by a string. The utility of this garment consisted in its affording an effectual barrier to the inroads of mosquitoes, and other annoying insects, but too common in these countries. Having most dexterously sacked himself, he lay down with his beloved boar-knife by his side, and in a short time gave utterance to sounds that spoke very intelligibly both of the potency of the *crassee* and the soundness of his repose. Kleber had foolishly suspended his wearing apparel upon some pegs in the outer wall of the adjacent apartment. The ludicrous appearance of my German friend had so forcibly recalled to my imagination the apparition in Tom Thumb, and all its concomitant oddities, that sleep for a time was out of the question. I was just thinking of

" Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, down,"

when a slight noise at my side caused me to open my eyes, and there I beheld, not certainly a disembodied spirit, but Vlacopolo, the son of Barba Nicola, our host, with his ear carefully turned towards my ace, endeavouring to ascertain if I slept, and I began immediately began to imitate, but at a long distance, the dulcet strains produced by Kleber. His scrutiny was continued for some time, and then I heard him steal cautiously to the side of the Italian, who was submitted to the same examination as myself. I placed one hand on my pistols, which I had retained in my belt, and endeavoured to watch his motions as well as the obscurity occasioned by a clouded moon would permit. He left the Italian, and once more approached me; as I was satisfied that his object was robbing, and not personal violence, I felt no fears either for myself or friends; he again stooped down to listen to my breathing; I suddenly made a clutch at him and shouted aloud to my comrades: the miscreant slipped from my grasp like a lump of wet soap, and jumped from the terrace into the street. I started to my feet and followed him as fast as I could, but the darkness of the night, my ignorance of the localities, and, perhaps, his superior agility, favoured his escape.

I returned discomfitted to my terrace. The moon burst forth, and there I beheld Kleber in his bag, flourishing his boar knife and swearing most eloquently in High Dutch; Papa Clement, without his wig, was standing by his side marvelling what had become of Monsieur L'Anglois; and Garelle, who had gone to his couch as drunk as a twenty-four pounder, looking the very beau ideal of stolidity. When I was given to their wondering eyes, interrogatories thick as hail were poured upon me: Kleber questioned me in German; Clement, after many vain efforts to make himself intelligible in the English he had picked up under the patronage of Mr. Alderman Jon-Brown, ended in French, with something about assassination. With the assistance of my comrades, from above, and the aid of some rubbish below, I contrived to re-ascend to my terrace, and, in a polyglott salmagundi sort of speech, I endeavoured to make my auditors comprehend what had occurred. Having, with much difficulty and many words, succeeded in my object, we held a council of war, wherein it was decided that we should alternately keep watch for the rest of the night. Garelle, who was not able to understand any thing, insisted that Monsieur L'Anglois was "*sout comme dix mille hommes*," and that it was all a dream, and betook himself to rest. Those who had possession of the apartment declined participating in our watch. Kleber insisted upon keeping the first vigil, and I and the Italian laid down again. In a short time we were all fast asleep, sentry and all. The early beams of the morning sun were the first interruption to my repose; both my comrades were still asleep; I looked round and saw the German's clothes hanging upon their pegs *in statu quo*. I aroused my friends, and Kleber proceeded to clean his day apparel, in doing which he became aware of the abstraction of his watch, his purse, and a bunch of keys. As I had recognised the person of our midnight visitor, Vlacopolo was immediately summoned, but Vlacopolo was either out of hearing, or else had more pressing occupation.

His father and mother, on being acquainted with our suspicions, exhibited a great anxiety for his production. His male progenitor, in especial, commenced a vociferation that might have been heard all over the island, "*Vlacopolo! brée sou pou cisai Anathema! Kecatopolo*," but Vlaco was deaf to the endearing epithets so lavishly bestowed upon him by his father, and came not. Kleber, whose bile had been sufficiently roused by the discovery of his loss, drew forth his schlaeger, and swore he would annihilate mine host if his property was not immediately produced. Barba Nicola endured this intimation of Kleber's suspicion of his being concerned in the theft, with a stoicism so unnatural to an innocent man, in like circumstances, that convinced me of his guilt. Not so the Cocona—her indignation knew no bounds at finding her son accused of robbery, and her husband of participation; she called us dogs of Franks, Keratades, and applied some very offensive epithets to our religion, intimating that it was no better than it should be. When the storm of voices had subsided, I had well nigh perpetrated an oration in English, my knowledge of modern Greek, or, indeed, of any language except my own, being very limited. Fortunately I bethought me of my passport, which I handed to Barba Nicola, who therein discovered that I was an officer of the Zactikoi, commanded by Colonel Fabrier, and encamped at Damala, the other side the ferry. I backed this piece of intelligence by assuring him that unless prompt restitution was made, I would bring down the Colonel's vengeance upon him and his house. Barba Nicola appeared to be considerably taken

aback at this intelligence, and begged for time, in order, as he said, that he might find out the thief; this being granted, he set out immediately, while we sat down to the discussion of a famous "*soupe au lait*," prepared by Papa Clement. In about an hour Barba Nicola returned, with a face in which importance had almost mastered the look of cunning with which nature had so liberally gifted it. As he ascended the ladder that led to our chamber, he called out to some person following, "*Copiasete exakotate copinsete apano*." At last Barba Nicola entered, followed by an individual whom he pompously announced as his excellency Doctor Papathopolo, head physician of the island of Poros.

Those who have seen the "*anatomie vivante*," and those only, can form an adequate idea of the total absence of any thing like flesh under the shrivelled skin of the illustrious Doctor Papathopolo. His unclothed legs, like two bits of bamboo arising from out of a pair of black papouches, were met at the knees by an article, that I can only translate "breeches," but the only point in which it will bear a comparison with that exclusively European tegument, is in its appropriation to the same uses. This garment, extending from the knees to the waist in length, and being about six yards in breadth, formed a contrast by no means advantageous to the thin yellow legs of his excellency; his waist, after the fashion of the Greeks, was as tightly bound up as possible by a tattered red silk sash. A close Zantiote vest, surmounted by a white sheep-skin jacket, invested his upper man, and his head was thatched by a round Frank hat. Long black lustreless elf locks streamed down his shoulders, and some half dozen hairs were left on each upper lip—a caricature on the generally handsome mustachios of his countrymen. Doctor Papathopolo, on making his entrée, "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," and taking off his Frank hat, flourished it round his head as an Emerald would his alpeen. I saluted the Esculapian with a "*proskino sus kerie*," one of the few Greek phrases I possessed; the man of physic drew himself up and assumed an air of injured pride. Barba Nicola then informed me that the worthy doctor was never addressed by any other title than that of your excellency. I amended my speech by adding the exacted "*exakotate*," and the offended dignitary was conciliated; he returned my salute by placing his right hand over his heart, giving another flourish of his beaver, and "*kale mera sas*," "*kale sas emera*," said I. After replacing his much cherished hat, he, without further ceremony, sat himself down on the floor, and produced his rosary, a plaything hardly any Greek is without. Barba Nicola then furnished him with a tchibouque and a small cup of Mocha. While we were deliberating as to the expediency of kicking his excellency down the trap, he suddenly demanded who had been robbed; which was the first intimation we received of the object of his visit. Kleber then stepped forward, and I informed the doctor that he was the person; he then requested the description of the articles stolen. He was as minute in his enquiries as an Old Bailey counsel examining a prosecutor, but fortunately Kleber was enabled to give him satisfactory answers. His excellency, then getting up his smoke, inhaled enough to stifle half a dozen Europeans, and opening his lean jaws to their fullest extent, suffered it gradually to exhale from his mouth and nostrils; this ceremony being ended by an energetic puff, he put his hand beneath his girdle and slowly and separately produced the missing property, watch, keys, and purse, from which last had been abstracted a dollar, which, said his excellency, raising his hand to his lips, had been expended by the "*kai-*

meno" in drink. He attributed great credit to himself for the share he had had in the transaction, and insinuated that some compensation for the trouble he had taken would be very acceptable. Kleber, who appeared to look upon the renowned Papathopolo as, at least, an accessory after the fact, demurred to this, but taking into his consideration the wan condition of the doctor, he gave him a six piastre piece, about two shillings, being six times the fee usually paid for the medical services of this learned Theban.

I afterwards ascertained some particulars of this man's history. His first start in life was as a cabin-boy on board a Hydriot trader, employed in carrying corn to the French ports during the war with England. The vessel being chased by an English cruizer, Papathopolo, who, perhaps, like Shakspeare's fop, "but for this vile gunpowder," might himself have been a soldier, was nowhere to be found, till, after strict search, he was at length discovered in the lazaret, a hole under the cabin flooring. The ship ran up the Adriatic to Ancona, where the future doctor, being convinced of his unfitness for pursuits of danger, "*faisoit son paquet*," and levanted, not forgetting to take with him such superfluous articles as he could lay his hands on; not by the way of speculation, but only as a precautionary measure lest he should change his mind and return, as men who drown themselves, tie their hands together to assist their resolution. His grotesque appearance and outlandish dialect won for him the attention of a Dutch mountebank, who happened at that time to be curing the incurables in the dominions of his holiness the Pope. In this man's service, Papathopolo was in the precise station for which nature fitted him. Great was the influx of clients to the delighted Dutchman, in consequence of this addition to his caravan, and accordingly he recompensed Papathopolo with as much macaroni as he could eat—coin, once passed into the pockets of Mynheer Van Windergelt, like the souls that had once sat in the state-room of old Charon's wherry—never being known to return. Orpheus, though he had asked but the value of a single horsehair to his fiddle-stick, would have whistled in vain.—Papathopolo continued to eat his macaroni, and pocket his kicks, till he had acquired the figure of his master, and got a thorough initiation into the mystery of making bread-pills. Van Windergelt, after evading all other creditors, was obliged to pay the debt of nature; and Papathopolo, not caring to go through the ceremony of a legal administration, decamped without beat of drum, taking with him his master's stock of nostrums, and leaving the obsequies of the defunct Doctor to be performed by the hands of strangers. With these "drugs potential," and a round Frank hat, Papathopolo returned to his native island. Passing through Venice, where there is a Greek press, he got some handbills struck off, describing himself as the renowned Doctor Demetrius Papathopolo, professor of medicine in the university of Padua, and further setting forth his skill in astrology, thief-finding, and other abstruse sciences. In the pride of his heart he took to himself a wife, and indulged in pleasing anticipations of a brilliant future; but, alas! for his hopes in computing the gullibility of the islanders, he had forgotten to take into account their powerful dislike to part with their money, and although they accorded to him the high-sounding titles of your excellency, and your brilliancy, yet small was the profit that accrued—and had it not been for such occasional adventures as that I have here recorded, starvation would long since have put an end to the exploits of the Porioté Doctor.

J. G. S.

THE COTTAGE PICTURE.

[In a ramble through Shropshire, I was driven by a shower to take refuge in a cottage, where was a beautiful, though somewhat faded, portrait of a lady, dressed in the fashion of a century ago. The cottage dame could neither give me its name or date; all that she knew was, "That it had belonged to some old hall many years ago."]

There is a stately beauty in thy brow—

There is a quiet pride in that dark eye:

No daughter of a peasant race wert thou,

No rose, in hamlet reared, unseen to die;

And on thy lip there sits a shade of scorn,

As at this mean abode,—thou fair and gentle born!

Wert thou not cradled in some ancient hall,

Where dark escutcheons roof and arch emboss,

And faded banners shiver on the wall,

And the grim pictured champions of the Cross

Looked down austere on thy childish play,

Nor deemed their haughty name could with thy smile decay?

What wonder then, so closely circled round

With fair memorials of a noble line,

That pride its chain within thy bosom wound,

And stamped its signet on those lips of thine:

How might they speak a lesson sad and strange,

And tell the young and fair how pomp and glory change.

Thine eye shone bright amid the festive throng,

When lutes were tuned to mirth, and hearts to joy,

When swan-like beauty swept the dance along

Nor dreamed that time her lustre could destroy.

Thine was a mother's smile—a lover's vow,—

Flattered—caressed—beloved—how changed thy fortunes now!

Yes, here amid a homely, simple race,

Who never learned to prize the painter's skill,

Mournful it is to meet thy speaking face,

Made by the flashing firelight brighter still;

Mournful—and food for many thoughtful tears,

To see thy haughty smile—and think of former years!

THE CHARACTER OF CASIMIR PERIER.

THE late premier of France was the son of a banker, Claude Perier, who owed his wealth, in a great measure, to the misfortunes of those who suffered from the consequences of the first revolution of France. Claude Perier was one of the celebrated *bande noire*, who engaged to destroy the castles and domains of the ancient nobles. Until 1816, Casimir Perier was quite unknown to the world as a politician, and as a banker he had the renown of being one of the most cunning, most interested, and generally successful in his speculations. He owed his celebrity, partly to the anti-national administration of M. de Villèle, but chiefly to the friendship of General Foy, who caused him to be elected member of the chamber of deputies. In private life his conduct to his family, his wife, his brothers, his children, and all who were in any way his dependents, was that of a tyrant, and Casimir Perier could justly have claimed for his motto,

Sic volo, sic jubeo, stat pro ratione voluntas.

We must also add that if Casimir Perier had died five years ago, posterity would have been greatly misled with regard to his real character; for at that time he undoubtedly evinced all the apparent qualities of a friend of the people, and of an independent member of the French senate.

But Casimir Perier has been for the last fifteen months the premier of France, the champion of the reigning *juste milieu*, and one of the most active members of the *New Holy Alliance*. It is in these characters that we have to consider him, and to weigh his pretensions as a statesman. We commence them with an odd question—What was Casimir Perier?

Were we to believe only half that the *Moniteur*, the *Debats*, and the *Journal de Paris* have said of the late President of the French council, we must regard him as the “foremost man of all the world.” Bertin de Veau has placed him above Napoleon, and Leon Pillet has called him *un puits de science politique*. But if we would trust the contrary party, we should pronounce him to have been—according to the *National*, the *Tribune*, and the *Mouvement*—the vilest of mankind, even viler than Metternich, Wellington, and Polignac.

What we here say of Casimir Perier, we say from personal knowledge; and we can truly declare that we always found in him a man of a despotic and tyrannical disposition—one possessed of a superficial general knowledge, of little classical and political instruction, but of great financial talents.

What were the political principles of Casimir Perier? The defenders of the *Juste Milieu* style him the true constitutional minister. Odillon Barrot, Lamarque, Dupont de L'Eure, and all the most popular members of the French senate, have often called him the secret agent of the legitimate party of Europe, and the *Mannequin* of Metternich and Nesselrode.

Both these opinions are exaggerated; in our belief, the late Premier of France had no political principles of his own; he was the mere executor of the dictates of the *doctrinaire party*; whatever was proposed, and adopted by M. M. de Broglie, Guizot, Dupin, and Villemain, not excepting the son of Egalité, was the political creed of Perier, and as his was unquestion-

ably the most obstinate and persevering mind in France, it was Perier that was chosen to put this system into execution.

What were the administrative talents of Casimir Perier?

The *Juste Milieu* have named him the *administrateur par excellence*. The *mouvement* party have declared him the subversive administrator. But putting aside all party feelings, we say that Casimir Perier has given striking proofs of great ability during his administration, notwithstanding that he has often had recourse to base means. We must however condemn the maxim he had adopted with regard to his ministerial dependents; here it is—*Ceux qui acceptent des places sous moi ne doivent avoir que ma conscience*. This inhuman maxim has been strictly and literally observed during his reign. All who have shown in the least degree the possession of any independent principles, have been immediately deprived of their offices; and Casimir Perier, when accused of despotism, has always answered—that no government can exist without it!!!

Was Casimir Perier a good Minister of the Interior?

Here, without mentioning the eulogiums of his paid-defenders, and the accusation of his opponents, we will only relate the historical facts:—When Perier entered into office, France certainly was in a state of agitation, and movement, but the greatest crisis had passed. Polignac and his satellites had been tried and condemned, the Buonapartists and Republicans had promised to support the government of the new dynasty, provided the institutions of France should be improved. The Vendéans, the Verdetts, and the Carlists of the South of France, were plunged in a sort of stupor. The public press maintained an attitude of defence, but refrained from assaults. Commerce was suffering, but it still existed; no civil war had taken place in any province of France, and all seemed to promise the consolidation of the era of Liberty.

Casimir Perier, “with good intentions,” as his friends say, instead of ameliorating the interior of France, did all that man could do to render it worse. Lamarque was soon deprived of his commandment of Vendée, because he was no friend of the *doctrinaires*; a few weeks had scarcely elapsed, when civil war began in that province, and altho’ fifty thousand soldiers have been employed against the Vendéans, murder, degradation, and revolt still continue to prevail amongst them.

Casimir Perier “with good intentions,” has established a sort of *Cabinet Secret*, where his censors scrutinise the political articles of the opposition journals; and it is a fact, that the press never had a greater enemy than the late Premier. “With good intentions,” he has imprisoned *two-thirds* of the political writers of France.

Casimir Perier has also renewed the barbarous system of the domiciliary visits, and perquisitions, and in this he has boldly manifested his arbitrary disposition. It is a fact, that M. Vivien left the Prefecture of Police, because he saw that he was the mere instrument of the despotism of Perier. His successor did the same, but Perier subsequently placed in this situation one of his ancient satellites, and from that hour the police of Paris has exhibited all the characteristics of the most odious inquisition. Mock conspiracies have been invented, mock insurrections have been excited, and checked, human blood has been shed, and all the prisons are overloaded with the victims of the snares of Perier.

Casimir Perier, “with good intentions,” has re-organised the system of Rovigo. Spies are to be found everywhere, and in order to administer to their

wants, the *doctrinaires* have granted *Five Millions* for this honorable object.

Casimir Perier, "with good intentions," has bought two journals; and with the public money has made a continual war against the public, and in defence of his administration.

Casimir Perier, "with good intentions," has given situations and important commissions to all his relations, to the fifth generation. His sons and *neveux* have left the counting-house of the Rue du Luxembourg, and are all of a sudden become diplomates, préfets, and secretaries of legations.

Has Casimir Perier been a good President of the Council? No; he has been a despot, but not a man of utility. He has always promised prosperity, and has produced distress; he has spoken of the honour of France when the French nation was disgraced. He has disregarded the demands of the Poles and the Italians, and has favoured the interests of the despots. The monument of Casimir Perier was long since erected at Warsaw and at Modena; a mausoleum may also be dedicated to his memory at Lyons, at Nîmes, at Grenoble, at Marseilles, and—but the catalogue is too long to be proceeded in.

Has Casimir Perier ever been a sincere liberal? Until 1827 he was so esteemed; but when Martignac governed France, Casimir Perier lost the lustre of his reputation. It was reported—and Benjamin Constant was no stranger to the report—that Perier had entered into some conditions with the ministers, and that his financial affairs, which were at that period in a very precarious state, had been arranged. The fact is, that, during the administration of Martignac, Perier became dumb in the house, was one of the most assiduous attendants at the parties of Charles X., and became an intimate friend of that monarch, and of the Dauphin his son. Besides, when the late revolution took place, Casimir Perier was the last to join the national party; he would not subscribe his name under the protest of deputies against the ordonnances; and, what is still more worthy of remark, the last act which Charles X. signed before his abdication, was the nomination of Casimir Perier to the same post which he has fulfilled under Louis Philippe,—with what honour to himself, and with what advantage to the noble French nation, we have already seen.

As soon as Casimir Perier was appointed to the post of President of the Council, General Lafayette and Dupont de l'Eura, manifested the greatest disappointment, and on being questioned why they were so disheartened, they answered, "Because we are convinced that Casimir Perier connected himself with the opposition, during the restoration, in order to be made a peer and minister; and if he did not succeed it was not his fault, but that of his friends, and of the periodical press." The last words which Benjamin Constant pronounced on political affairs before his death, were, "May God save France, and may Perier never become a minister of Louis Philippe!" These words were addressed to the venerable Abbé de Pompiere.

A STORY OF THE HEART.

[We warn the reader, before he commences the following paper, that it is a Love Tale. For ourselves, we must confess that we love love-tales of all descriptions, particularly where there is a broken-heart or two in the case; but as these are not the current commodity in our Magazine, we feel bound to explain why we insert this story. We do so then for this reason,—that there are hundreds of fair faces bent monthly over our pages, and it is fitting that they should find now and then some sign, like the present, that we are conscious of the fact. The grave, but “courteous” reader will not begrudge a few pages, even though political and philosophical discussion should halt for it—which it will not. Let the impeachments of Lords give place for once to softer impeachments, and let our consistency give way before a chapter on constancy.—Ed.]

It is not our place to account for the perversity of the human heart, or our intention to excuse the inconstancy of human nature. As for the fickleness of love, it is the old woman’s axiom, time out of mind; as if love, to prove that it is so, ought necessarily to evince itself incapable of the changes to which all the material and immaterial world around us is alike liable. We say no such thing. We have seen, we have known, we can imagine; and without further argument on the passion or no passion—the affection or no affection which produced this or that consequence, we are content to draw our own conclusions. Therefore, without any sweeping denunciation against the race of man—without any libel against the law of love—without raising one man to the elevation of greater or better spirits—without degrading the species to the level of this one—we shall sketch a simple picture, in a simple way, and let the moral, if there be any, rest with the reader.

The precepts scattered to the young are as seeds sown on the bosom of the earth; time shall roll on, but the season shall come round to shew that the husbandman has been there; and so it was with Delacour. Wealth, emolument, and self-interest, had been the lessons of his youth, and he had profited by them. On the death of his father, a respectable tradesman, he found himself in fair circumstances; and—by aid of his profession—for he was a lawyer—on the high road to reputation, and, it might be, to riches. Possessed of a fine person, a graceful demeanour, a majestic figure, pleasing voice, lively conversation, and easy vivacity, it is no wonder he got into good society, and, from thence, into some notice as a professional man. He was now turned thirty, and in the full career of fortune; still unmarried, still sought by anxious mothers, and wooed by forward daughters; but he was not in love, or scarcely dared believe it himself. The father of Emily Sidney was a merchant, who had been mainly instrumental in the good fortune to which Delacour had attained; she was the heiress of a supposed large property, and the beauty of her circle. This was enough to depress a less ardent admirer or a more calculating man; but Delacour had owed much to chance, and perceiving, as he thought, something not altogether unpropitious to him, he commenced his secret suit.

Ah! I remember her as yesterday. She was then eighteen,—youth scarce mellowed into early womanhood. The face, as it peeped from the chastening chestnut ringlets around it, was worthy the hand of the painter, though the smile that played on the lip might have defied his skill; the small and well-rounded figure vied with sculpture, but marble had vainly

assayed to express the grace and dignity of that demeanour. And this was the least part of all. She knew what was kindness and charity, and practised what she knew. She—but let her story delineate her character. It must be presumed that Delacour was, in his way, ambitious, and this was the object at which he now aimed. He had imagined beauty; here was beauty unrivalled, unexcelled; virtue,—here was virtue the most alluring; modesty, simplicity, truth, love, all combined in one; and for fortune, here was such as he could never have anticipated; connexions the most to be desired, and influence the most to be coveted. But why reason upon it! She should be his in any condition of life,—her beauty were alone dowry fit for a prince. In all stations alike lovely, alike to be desired. In such ecstasies he passed his hours; when a new suitor appeared in the person of a young baronet of considerable fortune. Money was nothing to him, and happiness every thing. Equally handsome and agreeable, and more rich than Delacour, he was, in every respect, no common rival; besides which, all the arts of a true lover were devised to secure the treasure to himself. About this time, Mr. Sidney incurred a great loss of property by an unlucky speculation. The affair was stated to the baronet—the carriage was put down—but he was not to be changed by time or place; the same accomplished suitor, the same unchanged admirer—nor did he fail to shew the preference he felt. But what will love not effect! Emily Sidney was an only child, and with all the sweet ignorance of affluence, she wondered what riches had to do with content. The old question of “love in a cottage, or a palace without,” this eternal young girl’s theme, was pondered upon, but all thoughts leaned to the same side,—the predilection she felt, happily or unhappily, for Delacour. He protested disinterested affection—total disregard of all future or present expectations—and could she do less than believe him! The father consulted, the mother advised—but Emily wept, and it ended in the refusal of the baronet. A week after, Delacour made his offer, and was accepted; and who could fail to be flattered by the preference? From that time they were all the world to one another—for ever together—he the most attentive of lovers, she the happiest of women.

As no man, by looking in the glass, is likely to form a just estimate of his own defects, or his own peculiar perfections; so no man discovers his true character by gazing, however intently, in that inward mirror of the mind—his own imagination. For as our shadows, seen in the sun, are most defective representations of our own forms, so are these mental likenesses like the bright shape of fancy, too airy and too heavenly, and too perfect to be aught but ideal types of what we would fain believe. Delacour had his vanity. He had hitherto been a happy and prosperous man; he was much sought, and, moreover, was beloved by one whose opinion most men had been pleased to have gained. And if he deceived himself, or believed too firmly in himself, what are not the deceptions that we practise on ourselves, and on others—and this, when we would be true to all parties. It was, however, no deceit that he was in love, though the manner of his loving might be another thing. Here his heart was fixed. The world might go round, and the seasons change, but each and the other could not affect him. All his feelings, his associations, were here combined, and nature must change ere he could. But why descant upon, or question, his emotions? Who, in a dream, ever dreamed that he should awake again in five minutes, or five hours, or ages, or cen-

turies! For us, we have oftentimes stood on the utmost height of a green and glorious hill, and there have seen nature's most awful might spread out around us. The vale, the sloping mead, the verdant lawn, the bloomy garden ground, the river, the lake, the slender stream, all blessing and giving glory to the darkness of our thoughts within; and when the golden sun broke out, we hailed the earth as joyous and happy. We do not know that the cloud was noticed, or the tempest heard to mourn, though in the deep forest its voice might have been heard deploring. We must confess, that when the rain came down, we were taken unawares. Our thoughts were leading on hope, not treading after servile despair. And when the landscape was effaced, the brightness of the heavens gone away, then we could have wept, but that tears were denied. So Delacour had before his eyes some such gorgeous scene; it was still bright, and without shadow, as if never meant to fade.—

It was a delightful evening at the latter end of summer when, mounting his horse, he took his usual way to the mansion of the Sidneys. His easy and fashionable lounge, his fine person, set off by the splendour of his attire, as well as by the beauty of true content there depicted, might alone have attracted the passengers; but then his steed, as if proud of his duty, contrived by certain coquettish knaveries and ambling graces, to fix the attention. Delacour was born to be admired, "the observed of all observers," and many were the remarks as he passed onward. He had been riding thus for some time, when he was overtaken by an acquaintance.

"What! Delacour on the old road again, in spite of the news. Why, Sidney is in the gazette."

"Impossible," cried Delacour, "I would have wagered my life against it—you joke." "Incredulous as a lover," replied the other, "Look and be satisfied."

The paper was handed to him, a glance was sufficient, and murmuring a hasty adieu, he set spurs to his horse, and was quickly lost to the view; the cloud of dust that followed his flight, alone told of his passage; and those who now saw him, pale, agitated, and flying desperately forward, might have well mistaken him for the messenger of more than common woe. A dagger, indeed, could scarcely have caused a greater revulsion of the heart.

He no sooner entered the house, than the voice of the domestic proclaimed that something had happened; he met Mrs. Sidney on the stairs.

"You will find Emily," said she, "in the drawing-room. This affair has agitated us all—you will excuse Mr. Sidney to-night."

He whispered a polite reply, and hastened forward, but was, for the first time, unheard. Emily was seated at the table, lights were in the room; she was gazing at something—it was his picture, the one he had himself given her; he drew nearer—the lip quivered, and tears were trembling in the eyelids; she sighed and sighed again; he advanced a step farther, a slight cry escaped her.

"Oh! it is you," she exclaimed, but there was something tremulous in the voice, half joy, half anguish: "I knew you would come, that is, I thought you would." "How could I do less than come, when I have so often come before," was the answer. "You are very good," she sighed, "but my father's misfortunes, oh! Delacour, you can guess my feelings."

"Your feelings are perhaps peculiar to you," he returned, somewhat coldly, "you are very suspicious to-night."

"I hope not," she replied meekly, "but you are tired, we will have some refreshment, and tune the harp: you were always fond of that."

The refreshments were brought, she helped him with her own hands; but when she turned to the instrument, the full and surcharged eyes—the flushed face—the heaving of the bosom—the trembling speech—the look wandering to and fro on the face of her lover, too plainly indicated that she had perceived something more or less than usual in the manner of his address. She seemed to Delacour, as she touched the strings, to have the finest figure in the world, and indeed her soul was on the chords. She felt that she needed some other person to make all he had once been to her; she was a gentle and excellent girl, and Delacour, who was an admirer of all excellence, was quickly won to her side. She had never played with such execution, and now attentive, and now wavering, he listened, and was now impassioned and now cold as ever—and now he dreamed himself back to all his former adoration of her. At length he snatched a kiss—said something of forgiveness, and all was forgotten; but another hour was over—he was silent and more cold than death, at least, to the heart of Emily. It was now getting late, and he declined, on plea of business, staying the night, which was his usual custom. She sunk into silence and despondency.

"You are sad, Miss Sidney," said he, "or angry, but my Emily used not to be either." "I am sad," she murmured, "but not angry—you are full of mistakes to-night." She smiled faintly.

"I am surely not mistaken," he returned, "not a word has been spoken this half hour; but some people mistake temper for feeling."

"Excuse me," she cried, and as she was seated by his side, she placed her hand gently upon his shoulder: "you do not understand me; there is no temper in me but sorrow. I am not angry," but he arose and hinted that he must depart.

"Good night, Miss Sidney," said he, "good night, Emily,—we shall meet to-morrow."

His hand was upon the door—she looked up—blushed—and advanced towards him. "I am not angry," she added, "you mistake me. Let us be friends." The last gush of feeling burst from his heart—and he caught her in his arms. A scarcely audible, "God bless you," came from his lips—an instant—and he was gone.

In her bosom was left sorrow—and anguish—and repining; the red blush was on her brow, but she sighed not, neither did she weep. The next day she received an apology for not waiting on her, as his business was urgent, but a promise so to do as quickly as possible. But day after day past on, and he came not,—she watched in vain. It was late one evening, she thought she saw him leaning as usual against the garden gate. She went to the window, but it was delusion,—she looked more intently, answered incoherently some questions addressed to her, and fell senseless to the ground.

Let us pass over the rest.—It has been said that the father waited on Delacour, but all that could be elicited was, that his views were changed, his mind, but not his affections, altered. With these words he left him: "Young man," said he, "may the sorrows of this young creature fall a hundred fold on your head!"

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How strangely we decide our destiny ! Led by appearances, even misled by truth. Yet why arraign the Providence of Heaven ! For we walk like the wayfarer of the desert, when no star is out to guide us. With the blessing of happiness in our hands, we cast it aside and determine on misery ; and when weighed down by the burden of care, we would still seek to be happy : and this, because nothing is desirable we possess, and all to be coveted we can never hope to obtain. Vile weakness of human nature ; that we who would, in truth, believe ourselves perfect, should yet allow ourselves, wilfully and willingly, to be so base ! One would think that " the wisdom of the serpent"—the cunning of true selfishness, might teach us selfish peace : if " the gentleness of the dove"—the artlessness of true nature, might not teach us disinterested love. As for Delacour, he resolved to be wretched, because he feared to be so ; and then sought to be happy even while resigning his greatest of human good. But what if the affections we feel, or others feel for us, be true or false : the falsehood or the truth may be equally miserable—time can alone shew us the reverse. In the mean time the world goes on, and we must go likewise, lest, thrown from the channel—broken on the rock of hope—while catching at some other or firmer hold than the reed within our grasp—lest, finally, we be drifted down the tide of time—and left to perish. So Delacour pursued his avocations—rushed into society—and believed himself contented. But the canker of the heart eats not away so soon. If he had any feelings—any sentiments—he had forsworn the better part. As it is never too late for a man to grow wise, so it is never late to love honor. Had he then lived for this ! He remembered his debts of obligation—of gratitude to his old friend ; but then he recalled also the prospects that might yet be open to him—the increase of wealth—his expectations of the future—he thought but once and no more ; he hastened into amusements, into dissipation, and while he forgot his affection, he forgot himself. Some have remarked that his person became altered, his spirits changed, that it was natural depression and forced hilarity ; but if he ever experienced wretchedness, or sighed in the full emotion of regret, he was the last to believe that his sorrows, his vexation, his self-reproaches, were of his own creation.

But a few months had gone by, and another lady caught his attention, of his own years—handsome, accomplished, and of desired wealth. He soon imagined himself to be in love, for in false hearts no flame is so easily kindled as false passion ; and the lady was in love with him, just such love as a calculating woman may bestow, who thinks more of herself than of the world beside. She knew, indeed, of no feelings out of the sphere of a drawing-room, or any emotion but such as might lie in the compass of a carriage. Again family, future, friends, and connexions were canvassed, and were found fitting ; again he pictured uninterrupted peace, unclouded days ; again he was in possession of all his dreams ; again hoped, was again happy ; again constant, again, in fact, a lover.

Time rolled on and on, and he saw no reason to regret his choice. He became restless, for others were in pursuit of the same prize as himself, and then he grew impatient and more impassioned, and, at length, made his offer, and was successful. He was now more gay than ever—more fashionable—more splendid. In all public places and private parties he was the acknowledged suitor, and congratulated by his friends on the fortune he would acquire—on the conquest he had made ; he was not backward in boasting the favour in which he found himself, in exhibiting the influence

he had over her, and in talking of the brilliant prospects that he anticipated in the future.

It was with this lady hanging on his arm, that he first again beheld Emily Sidney. The bloom of youth was gone, the form wasted, the ringlets confined beneath a gauze cap; the figure no longer joyous with content, but shackled by despondency and disappointment. She arose as she beheld him—the young Baronet was at her side.

“I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you well,” said Delacour, with his unchanging eye fixed full upon her face. She blushed, faltered, and murmured an assent. “I beg your pardon,” he added, “but I hear you only indistinctly. You say that you are well, surely.” She fixed her expressive look reproachfully upon him. “I am better than I have been,” she returned, “indeed—quite well,” and so they parted. The words that had been spoken were the common compliments of the day: but oh! the manner said everything. On that night she burnt a little likeness she had drawn of him from memory; she cast aside all embarrassment, she quitted her sick room, dressed, sung, laughed, danced and played as she was used to do; she hurried into company, into amusement, was as much admired as ever, as usual sought as when she had a fortune: but her parents saw the dark side of the picture,—the young girl’s heart was broken.

Can it be possible that Delacour went home that night in remorseless complacency? That no compunction dwelt within his breast—that no conscience visited his thoughts—that the faded form of nature’s loveliness—the sweet confusion that pleaded, like the tongue of mercy and of truth—that, last of all, that look—had spoken nothing! It is impossible. He knew he was to blame—he writhed under the infliction of secret regret—he thought he had not acted quite honorably—quite tenderly—but for all that he would have started at the name of villain. Yet it was for his good he should act as he had done; she would marry the Baronet; his destiny, and not himself, was to be reproached, and, shifting from any further argument, he hastened to conclude affairs with the lady in question.

Now came the confusion of preparation. Parties were given and received, and the round of reciprocal introduction took place, and, in the sudden rush of coming events, Delacour lost all recollection of the past, and sacrificed its memory for ever on the altar of futurity. The world was determined to make him pleased, and he was resolute to be so. The house was taken, furniture, table-linen, the elegances of a lady’s comforts, all were procured, and all in the exact taste that might best suit both parties. Business was no longer attended to, for Delacour was at each and every hour of the day prosecuting his love-suit, and the lady was, at all times, his attentive listener. The marriage deeds and the settlement were next talked about, for marriages, at least such marriages as these, generally end as they begin, in a very business-like manner. But now, on the exposure of the absolute property, on the explanation of the contingent prospects of Mr. Delacour, he was found, by the father, or might it be by the lady?—he was found deficient, that is, not quite the exact bargain that was expected. They tell that the lady, hearing he had boasted of her preference, fearing too easy a conquest, adopted this pretty piece of coquetry, in hopes of being over-persuaded. Be this as it may; at the moment of doubt and denial, at the moment when the lady hinted that her decision had been entirely in obedience to her parents, not that she had in the least changed, then it was that Delacour perceived he had been a

dupe—cheated, betrayed, and made the very ridicule of fortune. He rushed from the house, where he had passed two years in the pursuit of a shadow, as worthless as it was frail, and hastened homeward.

He had pride, he was not quite without feeling, at least for himself; but when he recollected the heaven he had cast away, how he had smote upon the heart that loved him, to be smitten in return, conscience was his accuser. The affair of Miss Sidney was known to his acquaintances; he himself had given publicity to this; here was the deceiver himself deceived, the betrayer himself betrayed—and he heard the laugh of derision go round about him.

It is hard for the brave and the good to part with the lasting hope—the living impression—the unfading aspirations of their every-day existence; but how much more difficult for the calculating—the base, to separate, upon even terms, with their desires. This one expectation, this aggrandizement, perhaps, the lady herself, had been the stamina of Delacour's late actions and life. To have been climbing, with struggles and anguish, the steep of fortune—bewildered among the brushwood—torn and defaced amid the brambles,—to find one's foot upon the last elevation our wondering gaze might discover, and no sooner to find oneself there than the foundation gives way, the basement is scattered, and we and all our tiny hopes hurled headlong into the abyss, or into the humble vale from which we first up-sprung,—this may well demand patience; but when inflicted on the strong, when suffered by the proud, then comes the sting of madness—the writhing of passion—the gnawing of the heart—and all that despair may suffer under, and philosophy deride.

While torn by conflicting emotions, there seemed no resting-place whereon the thoughts of Delacour might repose. He had held himself above the world, as one whom no storm might reach, no breath might touch: he had walked in pride, he was therefore more open to scorn. He looked around him, and one fair form, and one alone, was seen in the far expanse, and to her he turned. To this being he vowed to resign all false ambitions, all theories of self-emolument, all speculations of self-interest. He had grown in riches within the last two years; she might still love him—he had lost honour in losing her—well, he must repair the loss—but then her reproaches and scorn,—he deserved them, and humbly and faithfully he could avow it. He thought of her angel ways—her maiden kindness; he thought, and wondered at the monster he had been. But the mind forms schemes, after the body is tired of action, incapable of impulse. A fatal malady, the effect of his disturbed spirits, now made its appearance. Day after day passed in ineffectual attempts to obtain an interview with the being he had injured. The wretched young lady, on whom their last meeting had made a lasting impression, suspicious of his advances, fearing to avow her real sentiments; her delicacy offended and pride wounded, fled his secret approaches, or with cold insensibility met his more open attentions. It was enough for her to know that he was on the point of marriage with another, and though he was evidently an object of horror, yet, more eager than ever for some explanation, something to subdue or excite the anguish within him, he continued his vain pursuit. Baffled at all points, and sick in body and mind, he yielded to his depression, undetermined in what way to act that might yet amend the past. A fortnight was over, and he was the shadow of his former self, the wreck of his own weakness and folly. He now determined, cost what it would,

to see her and to speak to her. Was it reason or was it madness that led him to act thus?

It was a fine and sunny afternoon, when he quitted his sick chamber, in the wild and neglected attire of one who had, indeed, forgotten himself; and jumping on the top of a passing stage, he quickly found himself in the neighbourhood of the cottage where they now dwelt. This was his last attempt, and he was resolved it should not be unsuccessful. Some time he lingered, till, growing impatient, he sprung over a small fence at the bottom of the garden, and made his way, stealthily, to an arbour that was near. His hand touched the foliage round the entrance ere he perceived, reclining on a seat, the figure of Emily herself. An involuntary sigh escaped him, but her thoughts were elsewhere, and it was unheard. He gave one fatal glance, and, in another instant, rushing forward, he clasped her in his arms. It was not a shriek, or a groan, but something more terrible than either, that burst from her lips, the living sound of anguish and of sorrow. In vain he called upon her in all the desperation of agony, repentance, and affection; in vain, with presumptuous lips, he dared the purer touch of hers; she lay insensible, or only recovered to give back a blind look of horror, as he embraced her. Here then was the consummation of his villany—the height of all his despair. At this moment he heard a footstep. Scorn, contumely, and insult, were all he could expect; he felt himself a wretch who merited no more; and, with one last embrace—one last respectful pressure—he fled he scarcely knew where, and the morning had risen before he found himself at home.

And now he would write to her, reveal all his heart, and rely upon her generosity, and in the energy of desperation the epistle was penned. But vain the designs of man! On that very day he heard that she had acquired a large fortune, by the death of a distant relation. Thus then the barrier was placed for ever between them. To return was now denied him. Fortune had been the aim of his life, and it now stood, for ever, between him and all he valued from this to the grave. How, without the imputation of the meanest of motives, how dare he now return? What had once been generous, would now be base. No—no—the spring of life was over, the wilderness of the world gone through, and death lay alone open to him.

The tide of feelings will have way, but with Delacour it now bore upon its passage the freshness and the vigour of life. It might be truly said of him, that, from this time, he was a broken-spirited man,—one not to be reconciled to himself,—one who condemned himself beyond aught or all in the world beside. His happiness he had cast away, his wealth he had rendered worthless to him, and the malicious have said (and the best of us are not free from malice) that what his own folly and emotions might have failed to effect, his dissipation—his recklessness—shall it be said—the profligacy of a wounded mind—more easily contrived. Disease had now laid hold upon him. His friends came round him, all attentions were paid him, and he received a note from the last lady of his choice; she had heard of his illness, she would receive him again. Delacour could just afford a smile, and with hands chilled in the coldness of coming dissolution, he tore the paper and scattered it around.

At length the hour and the moment drew nigh that was to give him freedom; his thoughts had truly become a burden to him, and he was happy to resign them. He had made peace with earth, and pleaded for peace with heaven; and now he could willingly go his way. "This is the last

bitter pang, my dear girl," said he, as his favourite sister drew near, "but it is the last, and let us pass through it bravely." It was after he had blessed her, and kissed her, and bade her adieu, that he called her back again. His noble face was changed to the marble of the grave, and those eyes shone with the last burning flame of nature and of life. He dashed away the tears that gathered till they flowed, and dashed them away again. The impressiveness of death was on his tongue. "If ever you see *her*," he sighed; "if ever you meet, tell her—but no—I can say nothing.—If she knew all she would know too much—my silence is enough." With this he sank backward, and lay calmly; a long drawn sigh was heard—and Delacour was dead. But the sorrow he had caused neither was ended or died with him. His faults had been without extenuation, his errors without excuse, and the world had not been backward to censure him; yet one heart was found that could pardon, one soft enough to pity his frailties. All the mercy he could hope was there, and tenderness that surpassed all he might imagine. The shriek that burst from Emily Sidney while reading the news of his decease, was the knell of another untimely end. The woe of years was ended, the link of past emotions broken. He was then gone—for ever and irrevocably gone. The pride of her thoughts—the friend of her heart—the lover of her youth. No scorn or maidenly reserve could now uphold her. Modesty might fear to reveal the last fond truth, but death wipes away all blushes.

If sighs might speak of grief, or tears, or inward sorrowing, a broken sleep, a restless and unenjoyed existence,—if all these were the emblem of woe, all this had been past, though in the last few years, and it was over. "Mourn not, my child," urged the mother, "he is happy, and has long been a stranger to us." "I am sensible of no grief," was the answer; "yes, he has long been a stranger, at least to me,—yes, yes,—to me he has been a stranger." This was the last time she ever spoke of him; but the thoughts will utter what the tongue never tells. She dreamed upon the scene in the garden, that faint and indistinct recollection of something most blissful and most wretched. He had thought of her, had returned to her, it was enough, he was forgiven; yet why had she not spoken to him and soothed him, and parted in friendship, if not in love? The idea was fraught with madness, and here the fatality of all her misery was seen. In the meantime she evinced no more than common grief. The day of his funeral she took her usual walk; she saw the sad procession pass, speechless, tearless, and without a murmur. And yet after this she was seen in company, and, to the same eyes, the same as ever. Is woman's pride so delicate, or is it so unconquerable that it may feign all this! Yes—sad necessity, that the last humility of disappointed affections can only stoop thus low.

At many public places, scenes of fashionable resort, or haunts of fashionable invalids, she was afterwards met. The baronet was in constant attendance, the parents hinted their hopes. She had never, willingly, given sorrow to any one; she consented to accept him, received meekly his attentions, smiled at the delighted congratulations of her friends, and seemed happy.—The sober twilight of morning just shadowed the apartment where she lay; it was her own accustomed attitude; her arm gently supporting her head, the long hair hanging luxuriously on the bosom and veiling the hands. Her mother drew near and stooped to kiss her. Enough; what would you more! That cry might have well told the rest.

OUR ANNIVERSARY!

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND THE PUBLIC—A MYSTERY.

LORD BYRON'S Cain is not the only mystery of modern times. The course of every thing great and magnificent, is almost constantly enveloped in a sort of solemn gloom and uncertainty. When the Duke of Wellington concerted with Lord Lyndhurst the ingenious plot "to trip up his majesty's ministers," it was with the most impervious secrecy; and when Harlequin catches the Clown by the skirt in the pantomime, it is with a stealthy and noiseless footstep. Thus the birth-place of Homer, the prince of poets, and Bamphyld Moore Carew, the monarch of beggars, are alike doubtful and unknown. Every thing around us is a mystery. The Niger has been rolling along its mighty flood, and the Monthly Magazine diffusing its beauty, in equal silence and solitude. The charm of our articles is universally acknowledged; we speak, and Lady Caroline Seymour's eye brightens into hope; we are silent, and Mr. Peregrine Stubbs is urgent for the last number of Blackwood, to soothe him into a melancholy repose. The sweet balmy air of our poetry is continually flowing over the parched and feverish surface of society, yet no man can say whence it cometh, or whither it goeth. Our editor is veiled from the gaze of the profane like the Oriental Mokannah; and our contributors are only guessed at as they walk in their unearthly loveliness along the streets of the city.

This mystery will soon be at an end for ever! The veil that hides the resplendent features of our editor will be rent asunder, and the names of our contributors lifted up in their golden beauty, before the wondering and enchanted eyes of the multitude. Yes! what Richard Lander has performed for the African river we will accomplish for the Monthly Magazine;—we will discover the *source* of its power to the public!

Since the foundation of the new dynasty, (whom the muses grant long to reign!) our efforts have been unremittingly directed to the improvement of our internal policy, and the extension of our correspondence with foreign countries. We need not say that our endeavours have been crowned with the most triumphant success. We have an uneducated poet in every village from Clapham to the Land's End, and a contributor and friend in every town from the commercial money-getting Amsterdam, to the sunny and voluptuous home of the Neapolitans. Lander has been appointed our agent at Timbuctoo, and Captain Pogson among the Chittagongs. The present season has been styled particularly the season of knowledge. It has been our object to direct our attention especially to those quarters where instruction, though most needed, is very seldom adequately imparted. We allude to that class of men who, by some satirical writers, have been designated *Crowned Heads*.

Here we rejoice to say that our success has far exceeded our most ardent anticipations. Louis Philippe has ordered twenty copies of our magazine every month from Galignani, and the Shadow of the Universe, the celestial Tsing-tan-zea, has learnt English on purpose to read our miscellany. In China, the effects of our influence are becoming rapidly

manifest, both in a political and literary sense. Not only our own readers, but the British public generally, and Oriental scholars particularly, will be delighted and astonished to hear that Ma-twam-lin, the lineal descendant of the illustrious Ma-twam-lin, who compiled the great Chinese Encyclopædia, has actually signified his readiness to become a contributor. A short notice of this celebrated man, who has been introduced to us by that famous sinologist, M. Klaproth, will appear presently. We have no desire to occupy the reader's time with this preliminary introduction; but before we proceed to offer a list of some of our principal contributors, we would briefly mention, that, in order to facilitate the arrangement of our widely diffused correspondence, and for the more speedy consideration of the proposals which are now so frequently made to us, by the most distinguished literary characters of the day, we have come to the resolution of appointing *Monthly Meetings*, to be holden, until a suitable building shall be erected for that purpose, (for which we are happy to state his gracious Majesty has, with his usual beneficence, presented us with a large plot of ground in the Green Park,) at the rooms of our excellent friend, Mr. O'Gorman Morgan, in Pump-court, Temple. The business of the Magazine requiring the constant attention of one gentleman, we have the gratification of announcing, that Henry Fitzgibbon, Esq., who recently obtained the highest honours of the University of Cambridge, has, in the most generous manner, accepted the office of Secretary; henceforth, therefore, no letter or other paper, to which the signature of H. F. is not affixed, will be genuine.

A brief abstract of the resolutions which were unanimously agreed to at our last meeting, may not be uninteresting; and, indeed, it is to a certain degree necessary, for the understanding of our future proceedings.

Resolved.—I. That thanks be voted to the Editor and Contributors, for their unwearied assiduity in the promotion of the interests of the Monthly Magazine.

II. That the dutiful and humble thanks of this meeting be presented to his Majesty, King William IV., for his beneficent grant of a piece of ground, in the Green Park, for the erection of a house for the Contributors to the Monthly Magazine.

III. That a number of the Magazine, printed on superfine paper, be forwarded every month to his Majesty, and that Messrs. Whittaker and Co. be especially directed so to do.

IV. That Mr. Blore be requested to draw a plan for the proposed house, and that Mr. Haydon be engaged to paint some historical scenes on the walls of the banquetting chamber.

V. That a certain number of the Contributors do form themselves into a Committee, in order to receive the report of Mr. Blore, and determine accordingly.

VI. That Miss Fanny Kemble and Signora Rosa Mariani, be admitted honorary Contributors, and that the Secretary do acknowledge the *Dramatic Fragments* enclosed by the first-mentioned lady, and assure her of the respect of the club.

VII. That M. Meyerbeer be requested to convey to Mademoiselle Taglioni Mr. Algernon Sydney's warm gratitude, for the Italian poem so kindly addressed to him, and which, with the permission of the beautiful authoress, will be inserted in an early number.

VIII. That Mr. Varley, in consideration of his extraordinary talents, be appointed Astrologer to the club.

IX. That Mr. Pickersgill be appointed Portrait Painter, and Edward Finden Engraver, and it was ordered moreover that they do attend the next general meeting, for the purpose of receiving their appointment.

X. That no Contributor to 'Blackwood's' be admitted into the club.

XI. That no anonymous contributions be inserted.

XII. That Messrs. Drummond and Company be the Bankers of the club.

XIII. That Algernon Sydney, Esq., be nominated Poet Laureate, and that Messrs. Brothers and Richards, of Milton-street, Cripplegate, be desired to furnish him with fifty dozen of claret, and the same quantity of champagne, annually, and send in the bill thereof to the Secretary.

XIV. That the Epic poem, in fifteen books, upon the *Origin of the Christian Religion*, be returned to the author.

XV. That G. M.'s article upon Lord L——t and other horned Animals, be declined, as personal and libellous.

XVI. That £20 be presented to Mary Colling, on her approaching marriage with John Jones, and that a copy of Alison upon Taste be forwarded to Dr. Southey and Mrs. Bray, with a request that they will glance at the chapter which treats of poetical talent.

XVII. That a reward be offered for the apprehension of any person who has read through *Francis the First*, except Professors Milman and Wilson, and Dr. Maginn.

XVIII. That Mr. Montgomery's forth-coming (or rather fifth-coming) poem, be immediately reviewed in the Magazine.

XIX. That the author of 'Cavendish' be invested with the command of the Club's pleasure vessel, and that he be desired to have every thing in readiness for the coming season.

XX. That the Secretary do procure suitable apartments for the Club, at Cowes, during the Regatta.

XXI. That the Marquis of Londonderry's invitation to a Masqued Carnival, at Holderness House, be declined.

XXII. That the Duke of Devonshire's invitation to a grand dinner, on Wednesday next, be accepted.

XXIII. That Lord Chancellor Brougham's present of his forthcoming edition of *Paley's Evidences of Christianity* be placed in the library, and thanks for the same voted to his Lordship.

XXIV. That thanks be voted to Mr. Secretary Fitzgibbon, for his attentive and gentlemanly conduct.

(Signed)

HENRY FITZGIBBON, SEC.

Pump-Court, Temple, May 15, 1832.

In pursuance with the resolution just quoted, we proceed to subjoin the following list of our contributors, and we recommend our readers to peruse the characters very attentively, as in the course of papers of which this is the introduction, their several opinions of men and things will, of course, bear the impress of their several peculiarities, and for which the editor cannot be held altogether responsible.

PEREGRINE MARMADUKE WENTWORTH, Esq.

F.* R. S. F. A. S. M. R. L. B. A. S. S. F.* L. S.

Astronomer in ordinary to the Emperor of China, and Corresponding Member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg. Fellow of the Physical Society of Bonn. Grand Cup Bearer to the Incas of Peru; and Secretary of Legation from the Emperor of Tartary to the Court of Great Britain, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

PRINCIPAL CONTRIBUTORS.

Mark O'Gorman Morgan, a barrister, with more eloquence than sense, and more enthusiasm than prudence, and more creditors than either. Mr. Morgan

is a Bunyan in politics, and a Quixote in religion. He would please his friends better if he wrote nothing but poetry, and himself if he wrote nothing at all.

Thaddeus Melagowichz is a learned Pole, who may with truth be said to possess the *Gift of Tongues*. He reads in thirty languages, and speaks in twenty. He knows Hebrew, at least as well as Professor Hurwitz, and is as intimately acquainted with the niceties of the Sanscrit as Rammohun Roy himself. The acquirement of language has always been his ruling passion. He has recently spent nine years among a certain tribe in the most unexplored part of India, and has made himself master of their literature, for it seems that they abound in works of poetry, &c. Of these he intends to publish a translation, which, seeing that no European save himself understands a word of the dialect in which they are written, will be attended with little difficulty.

Algernon Sydney, the most beloved of all our contributors. He has the face of Adonis, with the muscular power of Hercules, and unites the sublimity of Dante to the tenderness of Moore. His life and conversation form one long amatory poem. He has a friend in every house, and a mistress in every street. He has written more poetry than would serve to make the funeral pile of an Indian woman, and said more beautiful things in one hour, than Coleridge and Southey in a week. His conversation, therefore, like his friendship, is invaluable, and we shall think that day the most mournful of our life in which we are deprived of either.

Ebenezer Mucklewath is a perfect contrast to Sydney. He was dismissed from the Scottish church by a decision of the General Convocation, on account of the heresy of his opinions. He maintains the coming of the Millennium, and thinks that he shall then be reinstated in his former honours. But he is very learned, and unaffectedly pious, and in an article upon the Fathers, or in the examination of church property and interests, he is unrivalled. To a magazine like ours, upon whose exertions the happiness of 24,000,000 of human creatures (being the entire population of the United Kingdom) chiefly depends, such a contributor is of great value.

Oliphant Maxwell, like Captain Marryat's Pacha, is chiefly remarkable for the number of his *tales*. Sometime ago he entertained the idea of contracting with Mr. Colburn to furnish all the novels for the season, and we fully be-

lieve the negotiation would have been satisfactorily concluded in favour of our friend, if a petition, signed by the majority of the romance writers of the day, had not induced him to alter his intention. Mr. Maxwell is far superior to the ordinary novelists of the day. If he could never have risen into the grandeur and metaphysical beauty of the "*Disowned*," he certainly could never have sunk into the inanity of "*Almacks*." As a magazine writer he is inimitable.

Mordaunt Harrison, surnamed the *Woman Hater*, is the able contributor of our historical and antiquarian articles, which Mr. Hallam pronounces almost equal to his own. Mr. Harrison is a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and recently presented a most valuable present to that Institution, in the autograph copy of *Cæsar's Commentaries*, accompanied with a dissertation, proving, beyond a shadow of doubt, the genuineness of the MS. We shall return to this able scholar presently.

Gerard Mortimer, the Pythagorean! We think it necessary to state that Mr. Mortimer is not Dr. Macknish, or in any way related to that gentleman. He never studied *drunkenness* with sufficient enthusiasm to enable him to publish an *anatomy* of it. Mr. Gerard Mortimer is, it may be confidently asserted, the most extraordinary character in existence. He has been now upon the earth, and taking an active share in its turmoil and misery, *more than two thousand four hundred years*. He was born at Athens in the same year as Sophocles, and in his youth was particularly distinguished by the friendship both of the author of the *Odyssey*, and his graceful and seductive rival, Euripides. He travelled with the latter poet into Egypt, and has preserved some very interesting memorials of the illustrious Plato, during his visit to that country. Unlike the wandering Jew, the Pythagorean's immense age has been passed under all the variations of nature, as well as of climate. For more than two thousand years he has been undergoing a continual succession of changes; at one time sitting with Socrates and Plato at the representation of the *Orestes*, and at another in the situation of a slave assisting to carry the baggage of the Persian army. His history is a perpetual antithesis!

He was by the side of Alexander the

Great when that triumphant warrior entered Babylon, and in a few years after a menial servant in the museum which Ptolemy (once his friend and companion in the train of the Macedonian monarch) had instituted at Alexandria! Thus his conversation is like a panorama, for he paints every incident of his life with a vigour and strength of colouring which carry back the listener, or rather the beholder (for the Pythagorean makes you *see* his descriptions) into the very age and among the people of which he is speaking. The efforts made to induce him to write his own history have at length proved successful, and we believe an arrangement has been concluded with Mr. Murray, for the early publication of *The History of a Pythagorean*.

Meantime Mr. Mortimer will occasionally favour us with a few of his reminiscences, and one who has a memory of twenty centuries, is not likely soon to tire either himself or his auditors. We shall not be accused of presumption in asserting, that such a contributor as this has never been hitherto known in the literary world.

Samuel Middleton, better known among his friends by the appellation of *Old Mortality*, is one of the most amusing and intelligent creatures in the world. He has attained his present age (ninety-eight) without the loss of any faculty by which he was characterised in his youth. Having flourished during the period which has been styled, *par excellence*, the Augustan age, his fund of anecdote is almost as entertaining as it is inexhaustible. He belonged to that celebrated club, of which Sir Joshua Reynolds, Samuel Johnson, and Oliver Goldsmith were members. Of the author of the *Deserted Village* he preserves many interesting memorials; we may notice one particularly, viz., the identical pair of crimson breeches in which Goldsmith arrayed himself on the day appointed for his ordination, and which called down no very gentle rebuke upon the unfortunate poet. *Old Mortality* keeps them carefully folded up in silver paper, in a drawer strewn with lavender, and which is also honoured by the presence of Thomson's wig and Johnson's walking-stick.

Mr. Middleton possesses, likewise, many precious inedited MSS. of Pope, Goldsmith, and Gay, and last, though certainly not least, a discourse of consi-

derable extent, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, upon the *Colouring of the Grecian masters*. We have had the pleasure of perusing this singular composition, which is not more marked by the learning and ingenuity which it displays, than by the grace and elegance of the style. We have several papers of Mr. Middleton's in our hands, which are perfectly delightful, and running over with remembrances of the great men who are passed away. He well remembers the night the celebrated Porson was present at a ball given in the Lower Rooms in Bath, where his lank and uncombed tresses, and the peculiarity of his general appearance, made him an object of universal wonderment. Mr. King, the master of the ceremonies, entertained at one time serious thoughts of turning out the old Greek scholar, of whose name, it is needless to say, he was altogether ignorant.

The Honourable Adolphus Volant writes too little to entitle him to the fame of a contributor, but he is a glorious fellow, and we delight in numbering him among ourselves. Few persons have walked in the fire of temptation with so little infamy. It pleased the father of Adolphus Volant to leave him a handsome fortune, and Providence to endow him with a disposition capable of enjoying it. At the close of the year he has frequently not 20*l.* remaining at his banker's out of his 6,000*l.*, but then he has *spent* the money and not *squandered* it. And this we take to be a very logical distinction. He is voluptuous without being sensual, and a Sybarite without being effeminate. He decorates his person and improves the charms of his face, (which are great) not from vanity, but principle. He thinks that any gift of the Divine Maker, whether mental or corporeal, ought to be religiously cherished. A man of pleasure, but not a libertine, the Honourable Adolphus Volant derives his sensations of joy from the purer and least earthly feelings. Loved at Eton, and admired at Oxford, he has only to apply his talents to one particular object, in order to obtain the highest reputation. We confidently hope to see that day speedily arrive.

Janus Weathercock was a school-fellow of Volant's at Eton, and "kept" in the next rooms to him at Christ Church. If ever there was a man whose name is

symbolical of character, it is Mr. Weathercock. His mind is a modern Proteus, which is continually assuming some new shape. He hates every thing old, except his wine, and wishes every thing to be perpetually young, except his uncle. At Eton, the last edition of the Greek Grammar was in his opinion always the best, and at Oxford the wine-party which he attended on Saturday far exceeded in gratification that of the preceding Wednesday. This strange peculiarity has grown with his growth and ripened with his years. He idolizes the memory of Keats and Kirke White, because they died early, and has made up his mind to hate Godwin, because he hath completed his eightieth year.

No man ever had so many amusements and occupations as Mr. Janus Weathercock, or changed them with so little apparent difficulty. He puts off an old habit of thought or feeling, as Mr. Yates does a lady's maid's dress, and comes forward immediately, without the least hesitation, in a totally different character.

At Eton he was the first of his dame's "Eleven," and played in the matches at Lord's-ground. Day after day he might be seen with his large brimmed straw hat, toiling along the burning road to the cricket-ground, with two miserable fags carrying his bat and stumps. He was never, unless during school-hours, without his cricket jacket. He had six bats, all of which were christened by some endearing name; one was Mercandotti, another was Brocard, a third was Rosa, and a fourth Angelica. When he came to Oxford he was asked to belong to the University club, but he refused. Mr. Weathercock had given up cricket! He played at chess and read Pool's Synopsis. The abstract and metaphysical studies were alone, he said, worth the trouble of pursuit. He voted the river a bore, and laughed aloud at Milton and his mulberry tree. This was in the winter, and the following summer found Mr. Weathercock rowing against time from Westminster-bridge to Hammersmith, and writing a laudatory paper about Milton and his recently-discovered *Treatise of Christian Doctrine* in the Oxford Journal.

The mass of discordant information, thus obtained, could not be expected to act favourably upon the mind of Mr. Weathercock. And it did not—he be-

gan, like Milton, by belonging to every sect, and ended by belonging to none.

In what manner Mr. Weathercock subsisted during his early residence in the metropolis we do not know, but as he contributed to three magazines and seven newspapers, it may be fairly supposed that he could not have been many removes from starvation. When our acquaintance with Mr. Weathercock commenced a change had come over the spirit of his fortunes. A relation, who had amassed an immense fortune in the East Indies, suddenly died upon his return to England, (which, seeing that he had been absent for 36 years, was, to say the least of it, very unpatriotic) and most unaccountably left Mr. Weathercock sole heir to his fortune and estate. The effect produced by the intelligence upon the feelings of our friend may, in the expressive language of the newspapers, "be more easily imagined than described." His first act was to throw an article he was then writing for some magazine into the fire; and his second, to take a splendid mansion, which happened fortunately to be then vacant, in Grosvenor-square. Almost all Mr. Weathercock's peculiarities returned with his good fortune, and many new companions were added to the company. But upon these we cannot stop to dilate. In every room throughout the house you recognise the extraordinary, and, if we may so speak, *antithetical* taste of the accomplished proprietor. His library is, perhaps, the most sumptuous in England. It has been built, under his own superintendence, by Mr. Nash; and the windows, which are beautiful, have been painted from drawings expressly made by Stanfield and Grieve. Yet you cannot help regretting the want of harmony observable in the furniture. In one part, for instance, you see a magnificent marble table, with elaborately wrought gold legs, and exactly opposite to it an old shabby-looking arm-chair, which Mr. Weathercock says belonged to the poet Gay, and was purchased by him at Barnstable. His writing-table presents a similar scene of picturesque confusion. A ragged copy of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, without covers, is lying upon Lady Emily Stratton's green morocco album; and a recently published *Treatise on the Art of Conversation* is neatly bound up with *Zimmerman on Solitude*.

We called upon Mr. Weathercock the other morning, and we found him with Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying* open upon his knees, and one of Etty's naked females in his hand!

We trust that our readers will pass many happy hours in Mr. Weathercock's society, and we therefore the more readily break off abruptly in our

sketch, being assured that no person will more enjoy the recital of his peculiarities than Mr. Weathercock himself; who, however he may change towards others, and however he may alter his opinion of literature and authors, has, we are proud to say, never ceased to entertain the same sentiments towards ourselves and the "Monthly."

The sunshine looked kindly in upon us like a friend, and right glad were we to welcome it. From the reader we can have no secret, and we willingly confess that our sufferings during the past month have been considerable. Nothing but the "Monthly Magazine" and the public anxiety have kept us alive. The East wind and the Duke of Wellington's protest gave us a tertian ague.—But still we wrote on. These are not days, said we, for "singing men and singing women" (always except-Mrs. Wood and the German company, whom it is very improbable the Psalmist could have alluded to). The watchman must be continually going about the walls of the city, and trying all its bulwarks. Day after day our cheek grew paler, and our step more heavy and feeble. But the people of England were anxiously waiting for the Reform Bill and the Magazine, therefore we continued to write on unceasingly. We even for some time underwent the affectionate persecution of our friends—"My dear Marmaduke," said Algernon, "you should take some relaxation, you are quite exhausted—Canning is gone, Byron is gone, Sir Walter is going—we cannot afford to lose you."

"For my sake," softly whispered Lady Emily Seymour, "for my sake, dear Marmaduke, I beseech you to take care of your health," and as she pronounced these words, we felt an arm softer than the silver bloom of lilies upon our neck, and the beating of a gentle heart against our bosom. No man, save our friend the *Woman-Hater*, could refuse Emily anything, so we at once promised to join the party at the Star and Garter.

And the 21st of May is come at last, and the sun is laughing aloud with joy, and Hell-fire Dick, the celebrated Cambridge coachman (whom the club have hired to drive the omnibus) is shouting lustily at the door.—Then away to Richmond.

It is a very old saying, and a very true one, that pleasure is always accompanied by pain; and in the present case the saying was verified, for we had, in a moment of good nature, unwittingly promised to take up the contributors as we went along: we accordingly delivered a list of their various residences to the coachman, and off we went to Grosvenor Square.

A knock from the hands of our excellent conductor ——— soon brought Mr. Janus Weathercock's "gentleman" to the door.

To our great surprise and delight, Mr. Weathercock was ready, and away we went to Algernon Sydney's.

The moment we crossed the threshold of the poet's house, we seemed to breathe a different and purer atmosphere.—The air appeared to come from plantations of orange-trees, and to have been cooled by the up-thrown silver of oriental fountains. Algernon was in his library, and so directing the servant not to announce us, we stepped gently along; as we approached the door of the library, we recognised the voice of Sydney in apparent conversation with some person. The servant had assured us

he was alone, so we stood still and listened for a moment ; our friend was soliloquising to the following effect, as nearly as we remember.

" So thou art come at last, beautiful, beautiful May, and thine eyes are blue and thy tresses golden, and the sound of thy speaking honey-sweet as when I last beheld thee ! Many a dark-plumed bird that hath long pined for thee in the cold wet grass by the field-side will lift up its little head, and open its bright brown eyes with joy at thy coming, and pour out its song of gladness at thy feet—but no heart can love thee more sincerely than mine, beautiful, beautiful May ! Like a gentle and meek-faced sister dost thou visit me in the lonely and mournful cell of my earthly prison house ! Sweetly hath the poet said of thee that thou shalt live for ever ; age cannot dim the lustre of thine eye, years cannot hush the music of thy footsteps. Thou art still"—

Rhapsodising as usual, said we, breaking into our friend's library and his poetical apostrophe at the same instant.

Algernon Sydney (the reader could not hesitate for a moment in assigning the foregoing passage to our poet-laureate) was standing with his back to the door, with a bunch of flowers in one hand, and Spenser's *Fairy Queene* in the other. The abruptness of our salutation made him turn round, and he came forward to receive us with all the warmth of manner by which he is characterised.

" Hush ! my dear Marmaduke, my favourite robin has just perched upon the window."—

" The *omnibus* has just driven up to the door," was our reply.

Sydney first looked at his robin and then at us ; and having put the *Fairy Queene* into his pocket, and the bunch of flowers into his waistcoat, we descended the marble stairs together.

We will not stay to enumerate the difficulties we encountered in our kind office of taking up our contributors.—Some were not ready and some were not up ;—Mr. Oliphant Maxwell was just finishing a romance, and the Pythagorean was occupied in an essay upon the Transmigration of Souls. At length, however, all was arranged, and we galloped along Piccadilly full of joy and anticipation. Old Mortality had brought Dr. Johnson's walking-stick with him, and the antiquary had kindly put in his pocket the manuscript of a very learned and lucid paper upon the *Physiognomy of the Nations of the Earth which existed before Adam*, and the dissertation was rendered still more interesting by some illustrative drawings from the pencil of the celebrated Blake.

" I have just thought of a riddle," suddenly exclaimed Mr. Weathercock.

" Let us hear it," we all cried.

" Why is Mr. Patrick Grant like a certain Hebrew Lawgiver ?" Answer—" Because he commanded *The Sun* to stand still."

" I object to that pun as blasphemous," shouted Mr. Ebenezer Mucklewrath, rising with great warmth, " the judgment——"

" Don't tread upon my stick, Mr. Mucklewrath," said Old Mortality, " my late friend Dr. Samuel ——"

" There is a very erudite and in every way delightful prolusion on this subject in the treatise of that illustrious Russian scholar Bowerskiwinz, *De Solis Ortu*, which ——" the Antiquary was interrupted in his discourse by a loud shriek from the Woman-Hater.

" Treason and death—let me get out, that horrid Hell-fire Dick has taken a girl on the box—I have been ready to faint for this last half-hour without being able to divine the cause—let me out—let me out !"

After some difficulty we succeeded in pacifying Mr. ——— and having covered up his face with his handkerchief, he remained in silence during the rest of the journey.

The harmonious voice of Algernon broke upon the stillness—we were at the *Star and Garter* at Richmond!

A considerable number of the nobility and gentry who resided in the neighbourhood were waiting round the doors of the hotel to receive us, and testified their respect by waving of handkerchiefs and similar demonstrations of joy. Among the company we noticed Lord Leveson Gower and the Earl of Mulgrave, both of whom we invited to dine with us, which of course they gladly promised to do. After having partaken of a cold collation, we walked out into the fields, and having found a very beautiful beech-tree whose giant branches made a pavilion over our heads, we determined to sit down for a season.

"It reminds me of"—said Old Mortality.

"Bloomfield's *May-day with the Muses*," cried Algernon, finishing the sentence. "The scene around us is very picturesquely described in the following stanza—

Laid at the foot of some old tree, whose boughs
Leaf-laden, bent, their softened shadows wed
In the clear water, on whose surface ploughs
His venturous way the midge, with trailing thread :
The dusky spotted moth, his wings half-spread,
Goes flagging drowsily across the mire,
The Druid Echo slumbers over head,
A shrunk leaf wavers down untimely sere,
No sound that silence hears, but the rapt senses hear.

"Beautifully read," exclaimed Marmaduke.

"Deliciously written, you mean," returned Algernon, "to me it seems almost as good as that famous picture of summer silence by John Keats, the *Endymion*. I have extracted it from a poem called *The Solitary*, which is evidently the production of a young man and a poet. You know that I am fond of antitheses, but in this instance the figure is allowable. The *Solitary* is fuller of faults than beauties; but then the beauties are precisely of that order which is above the mediocrity of the day. The principal objection I take to the poem is, that it is not natural. I am quite certain that no person ever felt for so long a period, such extreme and unmitigated wretchedness. Mr. Whitehead, the author of the poem, may not, indeed, lay his head upon a pillow fringed with gold—few men of talent do!—but I confidently hope and trust that he is not so destitute of happiness, present and to come, as his verses would lead us to suppose. Let him read the *Pensées de Pascal*, particularly that article entitled *Misère de l'homme*, and if," continued Algernon, with a burst of feeling peculiar to himself, "the perusal of them shall be as influential upon his mind as it has been upon mine, I shall have reason to rejoice in my advice.

"But let me return for a moment to the poem itself, in order to gather a few flowers which I had marked out as especially deserving of being woven into a garland of true poesy.

"An evening scene—

Hark! the sad nightingale begins the strain,
And Echo, like a weary anchorite,
Sits crouching in the woods, mute in her own despite.

"And is not the following very picturesque ?

All living things that own the touch of sleep,
Are beckon'd as the wasting moments wear,
Till one by one, in valley, or from steep,
Unto their several homes, they and their shadows creep.

"But I will send you a short paper about The Solitary, for though I write verses myself, I thank God that I am not jealous, and above all things I love to write a young poet into reputation."

"By the bye, Marmaduke," said Weathercock, pulling a paper from his waistcoat, "I have a hunting song here, which, I think, deserves a place in your magazine—shall I read it to you ?"

"Oh, certainly."

TURNING OUT.

There's a gathering of men, by Runny Glen,
The music of hound and horn,
And the gallant cry of a hundred men
On the merry wind of morn.
There's a trampling of feet, a shaking of reins,
As the cheering sound rings past:
The wild breeze plays with the horses' manes,
The forelock with the blast.
Each heart is light, each eye is bright,
Not a shade of grief or care;
Voices and songs—but ere fall of night,
Not a whisper will be there.
Playfully soft is the filly's bound,
Her rider a lovely girl,
She looks around at each gleeful sound
Of the breeze that fans her curl;
Her spirit is gladsome and fancy-free,
Her journey of life is new—
She thinks not what earth in its winter may be,
Who walketh in its dew!
Away! Away! the cry is breaking
From meadow and wood and tree;
Sweetest bird, of the morning's waking,
My heart says—away—to thee!
They are pouring down the green hill's side
With a sound like far-off thunder,
Or an army with banners floating wide,
Beating the fresh grass under.
The branches quiver the hedges beside,
As the living whirlwinds go;
Not a word—not a look—not a breath, as they ride
On their foaming steeds—Tally-ho! Tally-ho!
(*Here, we regret to say, four lines are wanting.*)
They are out of sight—and I stand alone,
With no voice of love to cheer me;
The huntsman's echoing cry hath flown,
And no human form is near me.
Thus in the joy of our boyhood day
For the glory of life we run,
And we roam a long and weary way,
And we deem the guerdon won;
But we gaze around, and they who started
Laughing aloud in hope and pride—
Oh, where are the merry band departed?—
They are vanished from our side.

It was now three o'clock, and every thing around us appeared to be lulled by the balmy influences of the weather; ever and anon the soft south wind gently agitated the branches of the old tree, and then the light was shaken from the leaves like silver rain upon our faces, but we closed our eyes for a moment and the wind died away, and the green shadows of the foliage were about us like a curtain. Sydney lay on the grass by our side, with the Fairy Queene spread open before his eyes.

For a few minutes we were again silent, and nothing was heard but the voice of the thrush in the distant wood, and the sound of Old Mortality's stick as he sought to beat down a party of gnats which pertinaciously persisted in buzzing around him.

"Have you written any poetry lately, Algernon?"

"I have a little song with me which I will read to you," and our friend incontinently read, or rather recited, the following.

Oh, gently passed the hours along,
I had no thought of care or sorrow,
I lulled the night to sleep with song,
Till sunshine woke it on the morrow.
I saw you, and I soon forgot
To sing the night to sleep, Mary—
When thy sweet eyes were closing not,
How could I think of sleep, Mary?

I used to be at summer time
Upon the grass, while in the flowers
The birds did chaunt their pleasant chime
To evening's silver footed hours.
I saw thee, Mary, and the bird
And the song are gone together;
How can my pining heart be stirred
Away from thee, by bird or weather?

The other day I learned to dream
Upon the poet's golden book,
While ever o'er each leaf a gleam
From her bright urn my fancy shook;
But thou art with me—minstrel's thought
Is all an idle thing to me.
Alas! how can I think of aught
By poet sung, when watching thee.

Algernon had scarcely finished the last verse, when we heard the tramp of a horse coming at full speed along the road, and, on looking up, we beheld, to our consternation and dismay, one of the messengers of our Printer! Leaping from the grass with an impetuosity that brought back the Antiquary from the antediluvians, we ran forward to meet the man, who put the following epistle into our hands:

"Mr. Bradbury's respects to Mr. Marmaduke Wentworth, and begs to inform him that the press is standing, and that time is pressing; Mr. B. hopes Mr. M. will send back the *Anniversary* by the bearer.—Mr. Bradbury is particularly anxious to have the Magazine ready in time, because he understands that additional orders for 1000 copies have been received by the publishers."

We could not help thinking our printer's note more punningly pleasant than was necessary—but, however, we had no alternative but of sending as much of our Anniversary as was finished. If there be time enough to digest our dinner, and write an account of it, we will of course forward it (the account) immediately.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE transition from the fool to the bully is neither so violent nor so uncommon as some people imagine. The small rubicon of a bottle of port once passed, and the ci-divant blockhead becomes, on the instant, the foul-mouthed boaster, who, for the opportunity of venting his abuse, will go as far out of his way as the drunken fellow who reels from the Freemasons' Tavern, and makes for St. Stephen's Chapel by the route of St. Giles's.

It was amusing, to say the least of it, to remark the other night the impotent fury of two more illustrious lords than any since the patents of Noodle and Doodle were made out. My Lords Winchelsea and Kenyon consider it most atrocious of Lord Grey to think of acting upon principle, or to resign his post as Minister when he found he could no longer hold it with honour. Lords Winchelsea and Kenyon had no idea of such a thing, and we devoutly believe would never have acted as Lord Grey has done. One of these specimens of aristocracy would not be questioned, and the other cannot suffer himself to be interrupted; as though impudence and scurrility were to be passed over because the wine is bad, or my Lord is the worse for it.

If these two noble lords were to form the standard of respectability, talent, and decency, by which any choice of new peers was to be regulated, we think that the creation would be a very small one. It was, doubtless, an intimate knowledge of some of his noble friends, that suggested to Lord Carnarvon the possibility that Lord Grey would have recourse to the bellman, when he made a new batch. By such means alone could he procure an opponent of Winchelsea or a rival to Kenyon.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AT HOME,—We are continually hearing of the schoolmaster being abroad, but he now appears likely to be at home, as we read the other day of a benevolent Quaker having established and endowed within the last five years a number of schools, principally in the county of *Bucks*, containing upwards of five thousand pupils. Now that such a number of children should have been without a prospect of education in a county over which so enlightened a statesman and legislator as his *Grace* the Duke of Buckingham exercises such paramount influence, appears to us enigmatical. All the world knows that the *second best Duke* in all the world, and his family, have received more from the government annually than the *whole county pays in taxes*, although his *Grace* is forced to be destrained upon for his poor-rates. But perhaps the Noble Duke's motto is

“Darkness, be thou my light,—evil, be thou my good.”

However, leaving the Noble Duke out of the question, we think this grim Napoleon of the realms of education, ought to make the Education Societies blush most prodigiously in the midst of their ratiocinative argumentation, respecting expediting proselytism and the rights of the church. We have a NATIONAL School Society, with an income of £50,000 per year, and an anti-national with five or six thousand at their command, and yet there is room for the exertions of such a man in one county within twenty miles of the first city in the world. Surely there is something indeed rotten in the state of Denmark, to permit this—and we fully expect to hear that the truly *noble* man who has been so busy in teaching

the young idea how to do as the sporting parsons do, (*i. e.* shoot,) has been poisoned, for he

“ Blurs the very blush of modesty,
Calls parsons hypocrites, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an *innocent church*,
And plants a school-room there ; makes bishops' vows
As false as dicers' oaths. Oh ! such a man
Would from the body of the hierarchy pluck
The very soul, and state religion make
A rhapsody of words.”

Bishop Porteus said that education was the palladium of civil and religious liberty, and the bulwark of the constitution. The tories say he meant university education—education in high church doctrines—rights of tythe—the ninth shock—the tenth sheaf.

KING WILLIAM'S SOLITUDE.—We have read of a mighty monarch, who, in the very summer of his prosperity and power, retired from the pomp and magnificence of a court into the silence and humility of a monastic institution. Even in the present day, when the schoolmaster's legs are outstretched, like those of the Colossus at Rhodes, from Shadwell to the Land's End, it may not be altogether unnecessary to say, that we allude to Charles the Fifth. With the secret politics of the Spanish court we are only partially acquainted, but we think it reasonable to conclude, that the Emperor's retirement was caused in a great measure by the unkind and unexpected resignation of his ministers. If Apsley-house had stood in Madrid, *this* would not have been the case. The Duke of Wellington would not have suffered his royal master to remain *alone*. We are brought to this conclusion, by the magnanimous conduct manifested by his Grace upon Lord Grey's resignation. Our excellent King was left *alone* ; he experienced in his own person the force of Byron's description of solitude. Where then should he look for succour and assistance ? The arms of the hero of Waterloo were open to receive him ! The Duke of Wellington had read the bible, (in his school-boy days) and knew that it was not good for man to be alone ; he remembered the saying of Balzac, that solitude was a pleasant thing, but that it was far more delightful to have some one to whom we might say that solitude is a pleasant thing. Said the Duke to himself, “ I will be that man to his Majesty ! The King is alone, and I will be with him ; he is deserted, but I will comfort him—he is surrounded with dangers, but I will protect him ! ” Yes, he who had professed himself averse to all reform, now declared his readiness to bring in a *strong measure* of reform ; he who had designated the Bill, in his protest, the commencement of revolution, was willing to receive it with the kiss of brotherly love and fellowship. And why ?—not because the Premiership of England is any thing ; not because the patronage in the Church is any thing—not because the government of the army, and the consequent ability to reward long tried bravery and moral excellence in Major Dundas and his friends is any thing. No !—simply because the King was left alone ! Down to the dust, Lord Chatham ! Cover up your face for ever, Sir John Pym !—what have ye to do with patriotism ? The Duke is the only true patriot—the only apostle of justice and truth in the land. Sir Robert Inglis did certainly hesitate to become a member of the noble warrior's administration ; Sir Robert Peel did certainly somewhat demur to the Secretaryship of the Home Department ;

Mr. Baring was not very enthusiastic in his attachment to the Exchequer. What does that matter? The Duke of Wellington has achieved a greater victory than that upon the plains of Waterloo. He has persuaded his mind to consent to its own degradation. He has bound his remaining virtue in an everlasting chain of evil fellowship to his ambition.

MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE AT MARLBOROUGH-STREET.—We beg not to be considered responsible for the perfect truth of the following occurrence:—

A cabriolet driver, according to the newspaper report, was brought before Mr. Laing, charged with being impudent. The man called his master, who gave him a good character, and accounted for his present ill-conduct by the fact of his having taken too much liquor, adding—"when the liquor's in, your Worship knows the wit is out."

"I know the proverb," replied the Magistrate, "but it is my duty to see that the liquor is kept out and the wit kept in."

We could much sooner suppose the reporters guilty of falsification, than Mr. Laing the author of the foregoing remark. It has a *naiveté* about it which never could have emanated from Marlborough-street. We have heard of a miser whose friend actually saw him put some money into a plate at the church-door, but yet could not believe the circumstance. Had we been in the police-office at the time, we should, in like manner, have doubted our own ears. No, it cannot be true! When that wandering vagabond intellect has reached Marlborough-street, its march will indeed be at an end for ever.

REGAL PASTIME.—Of all the extraordinary fancies with which the brain of Royalty has teemed to forward the rising generation in the grand career of moral and intellectual improvement, none appear to us so little likely to answer such gracious and benevolent intentions as those several annual congregations of the younger scions of nobility, known by the endearing epithet of juvenile balls. This description of philanthropy we believe may date its origin from the known *good taste* of the last reign, and certainly a more ingenious system could hardly be devised, for instructing a child in all the elaborate mysteries of coxcombry and exclusiveness. To those who delight in the study of human nature, and more particularly the more amiable portions of it, such an unnatural exhibition must be inexpressibly painful. The early development of the most hateful passions which such unprofitable rivalry invariably calls forth, is sufficiently manifested by these petticoat princes; while the seeds of coquetry and affectation thus early sown in the bosom of the infantile female, exhibit themselves in a manner of which the following instance will convey the best idea:—One of these Lilliputians in long clothes, throwing herself languishingly upon a sofa, on her return from church, cried to her mother, "I really must decline going to church in future, at least we must have our places changed." "Why so, my dear?" asked her astonished parent. "Because there is a person in an adjoining pew who stares at me like a *pest*, and I do assure you, Mamma, I never gave him the *slightest encouragement*." This incipient coquet had attained to the respectable age of seven years.

The example of royalty has of course produced a crowd of imitators. The eldest daughter of a gentleman in Russell Square, aged six, received a card which ran thus:—"Miss B——, at Home at 7—Punch at 8—Quadrilles." It was for the same evening,—rather short notice to be sure,

for a fashionable assemblage. It elicited the following reply, the father being somewhat of our way of thinking in these matters :—" Miss R— presents her compliments to Miss B—, and regrets to say, that she is to be well whipped at 7 and in bed by 8 !"

ROYAL RESPECT TO ANCIENT RIGHTS.—At the recent levée an address was presented from the conservatives of Richmond; and his Majesty, having graciously received the address, was pleased to return an answer in the following words :—

" GENTLEMEN,—Having understood that an address was this morning to be presented from my loyal subjects of Richmond, *I have put on this uniform to receive it*; a uniform which I have a *right* to wear as Duke of Lancaster and a descendant of Henry the Seventh, from whose title as Earl of Richmond your town *derives* its name."

Thus we see how eager royalty is to assert even the least important and the longest dormant of its rights, even down to the right of wearing a particular uniform, as a descendant of Henry the Seventh. To keep up a uniformity of right respecting uniforms, we should recommend those who address his Majesty to insist upon putting on caps of liberty, which they have doubtless a right to wear as descendants of the subjects of Alfred the First; notwithstanding the change that has come o'er the spirit of the dream, in which we saw a new Alfred shaking off the fetters of the nobles, and throwing himself upon the generous affection of a too-confiding people.

ORNITHOLOGY AND OLIGARCHY.—"The attacks," says a modern naturalist, "made by swallows and all manner of small birds upon hawks, shrikes, polecats, and indeed all animals of prey, must have met the observation of almost every person; all the weakest and most helpless birds of a neighbourhood uniting in a body to drive the invaders away." Buffon further remarks, "Were we only to study nature, and take hints from her most wonderful operations, we should be surely both happier, wiser, and better." Shall man be less wise than birds? The "bishops" in society may be compared to the cormorant among the class *aves*. The rector, tearing his tythe from the poor famished, half-ruined farmer, is he not like the "great shrike," or butcher-bird, impaling his victim upon a thorn, and plucking it piece-meal? And the owl, gorging upon

"Rats and mice and such small deer,"

is he not like the surly boroughmonger, entrenched in his rotten burgh of ruined stone, falling upon his human prey, and feeding his young upon the life, sinews, "marrow bones and all," of his countrymen?

The political unionists and reformers of all classes seem to have taken the hint at last; but nature has been preaching this self-same doctrine for six thousand years. They have found the secret of success; they have combined and clubbed their powers; and the flocks of "swallows and small birds" have at length prevailed over the rapacious and the strong.

THE PATH OF DUTY.—"The path of duty," says that coadjutor of Bishops, the pious Mrs. Trimmer, in an exordium upon one of the thirty-nine articles, "is the same for rich and poor, for serf and lord. Authority, delegated by *God Himself*, creates the law, power upheld by God *sustains* the same, and rank, which is some sort of a semblance to thrones and dominions in heaven, *dignifies it*—and it is as much the duty of the rich

and powerful to be zealous in the enforcement of the law, as it is for the lower orders to obey it. But, let it not *be forgotten*, the virtue of obedience is *greater than all other virtues*." Here we have the essence of all ethics, and the patriotic razor-grinder of Maidstone, who refused to sharpen the swords of the dragoons, is, consistently with this doctrine, placed in the situation of the clown in "As you like it," damned all on one side like an ill-roasted egg. In accordance with these divine principles of "passive obedience and non-resistance," is the reply of Lord Grimstone to Mr. Varney, who wrote to his lordship as captain of the Herts Yeomanry, to inform him that on the rejection of the Bill by the Lords, he "never, if ordered, could raise his hand against his fellow countrymen, who are seeking their just rights and privileges." This was the reply:

"SIR,—I am *extremely glad* that you wish to leave the Cashio troop of Yeomanry, as it appears that you never intended to *perform your duty* if called upon.

"I have written to Mr. Warwick, of the Woolpack, to receive your arms and accoutrements.

"GRIMSTON."

Of course it is the *duty* of every man bearing arms, and all yeomanry troops in particular, to imitate the yeomanry of Manchester, and to cut down the people, *sans ceremonie*,—to carve the "path of duty" through the bosoms of Englishmen. We should advise the noble lord to publish a new edition of the "Whole Duty of Man," for the benefit of the Herts yeomanry.

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.—The following clerical advertisements, copied from a respectable Tory print, and the succeeding paragraph, will give a slight idea of the beauties of our episcopal system:

"A choice collection of sermons, original, and in MS., which have not been recently used, the author having for some time retired from his sacred duties. Also a *superior capital double-barrelled gun*, with detonating locks, by Romford, and duplicated common locks, fitted in a mahogany case: they will be sold a great bargain, and left for inspection, &c."

"Wanted an immediate presentation to a living, value not less than £600 per annum, in a good sporting country, where there are at least three twins out per week, and other conveniences to an admirer of the turf. Any nobleman or gentleman having such at his disposal, may find a purchaser, by applying by letter, post-paid, to G. G., Post-office, Windsor."

Having shewn the beauty of Holiness, we shall, in the succeeding paragraph, show the reward of Piety.

The curate of one of the most populous parishes in the diocese of Durham, who is still living, has occupied that situation for thirty years. During nearly two-thirds of the time he read prayers every day, and read prayers and preached twice every Sunday, sometimes thrice, and performed all the occasional parochial duties, both on Sundays and during the week. It is calculated that he has baptized and buried, *in propria persona*, the whole population, 20,000, once over; he has had nine children, has been forty-one years in the church, and for three-fourths of that period never received more on an average than £40 per annum.

Now we have as great an objection to see a minister of religion ill used in the performance of his duties as any one, but in the face of such facts as these, who, as a professed upholder of such iniquities, could say "Lovest thou me?" and expect in the present times patient hearing.

But when in addition to this we have the abominable system of tythes, of pluralities, and simony, and at the same time a bishop, a professed friend of such iniquities, steps forward into the pulpit, and takes for his text "Lovest thou me?" is it at all wonderful that his hearers should manifest a negative. Who could resist answering such an appeal?—The very stones, save those of Gatton and Old Sarum, would have risen and mutinied.

THE FUSILEER AT FAULT.—THE Fitzclarences are to be ranked among the most striking features of the past month. The part which her Majesty has been foolishly and mischievously persuaded to take in the political intrigues of the Court, first called the public attention to the family of the King—a circle in which the Earl of Munster was observed to move as conspicuously, as superior tact in dissembling, and a more than courtly degree of duplicity, could render him. We are far from agreeing with those who have judged it necessary,—first because she is a tory, and next (which is held to be by far the foulest crime) that she is a German—to heap insult on the Queen's head. We conceive her Majesty to be only "labouring in her vocation," and can readily forgive her both for her folly and her foreign breeding. But we are not so ready to extend endurance and pardon to those, who, having been bred in this country, and fostered indirectly, if not directly, by its bounty, are now rapidly climbing into "bad eminence," and forgetting in their miserable half-royalty the rights and feelings of that people, from an humble class of which they have been enabled by great good luck to rise. The Fitzclarences, we look upon with no "favour," but can only wish for a "clear stage" of them. Of their arrogance and presumption, private instances are not wanting to add to the public examples which, so far as the Earl of Munster is concerned, the past month has abundantly supplied. We shall relate a specimen of the manner which these demi-royalists carry with them into society, and of the spirit of reprimand which it sometimes engenders.

One of the Fitzclarences, who holds a high rank in the Seventh Fusileers, happened to be dining with the mess of that regiment, when the adjutant—a gentleman who had not acquired that dexterity and precision in the art of carving, which, among other important accomplishments, are possibly essential to complete success in certain of the higher walks of life—was called upon to perform some anatomical ceremony of the table. The deficiency of the non-professor of carving caught the eye of the cultivated and court-bred colonel, who judged it gentlemanly immediately to display some little indications of contempt for a person so sadly wanting in the grand art of dissection. Some particular instance of failure at last prompted him to say, with a flippancy worthy of the folly of the sentiment,—"*My father says, that he considers excellence in carving to be the criterion of the habits of a gentleman.*" The insult was not suffered to pass without its reply; for quietly pausing in his labour, and significantly fixing his eye upon the colonel, the unpractised carver proceeded to shew that he could speak "daggers," if he could not use knives, by coolly inquiring, "*And pray, Sir, what may be your Mother's opinion upon that head?*"

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

KLOSTERHEIM; OR THE MASQUE. BY THE ENGLISH OPIUM EATER. BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH; AND CADELL, LONDON.

THE scene of this tale is laid in the thirty years' war, a period admirably adapted for the romance writer; since war in its most dreadful colours desolated the land, superstition had gained a strong hold upon the minds of the people, and the most extraordinary events daily occurred, of which a sufficient idea may be formed by a perusal of the burning pages of Schiller.

We hardly know how to give an analysis of Klosterheim with anything like brevity and distinctness, since the events of the tale are so numerous, and succeed each other so rapidly. The language in which it is written is very beautiful; the plot is deep-laid,—in fact, it becomes intricate; for the author so completely enwraps his subject in mystery, that he finds considerable difficulties in its development. The Landgrave of X—— is master of Klosterheim, which he obtained by the murder of a relation; and the chief interest of the tale arises from the numerous plots that are formed against him; and more particularly from the mysterious agency of an unknown individual who calls himself the masque. This masque was sometimes seen, but more generally revealed his purposes by his proclamations. He enters houses whenever he pleases, neither doors nor bolts obstructing him; persons disappear, no one knowing in what manner; in fact, the whole city is panic-stricken. At a grand masqued ball given at the palace, this mighty individual is at last revealed; and as his description will serve to convey some idea of the style of the work, we will extract it.

'He had been leaning against a marble column, as if wrapped up in reverie, and careless of every thing about him. But when the dead silence announced that the ceremony was closed, that he only remained to answer for himself, and upon palpable proof—evidence not to be gainsayed—incapable of answering satisfactorily; when in fact it was beyond dispute that here was at length revealed, in bodily presence, before the eyes of those whom he had so long haunted with terrors, the masque of Klosterheim—it was naturally expected that now at least he would shew alarm and trepidation; that he would prepare for defence, or address himself to instant flight.

'Far otherwise!—Cooler than any other person beside in the saloon, he stood, like the marble column against which he had been reclining, upright, massy, and imperturbable. He was enveloped in a voluminous mantle, which at this moment, with a leisurely motion, he suffered to fall at his feet, and displayed a figure in which the grace of an Antinous met with the columnar strength of a Grecian Hercules,—presenting, in its *tout ensemble*, the majestic proportions of a Jupiter. He stood—a breathing statue of gladiatorial beauty, towering above all who were near him, and eclipsing the noblest specimens of the human form which the martial assembly presented."

LETTERS FROM THE NORTH OF EUROPE. BY C. P. ELLIOT, ESQ. COLBURN AND BENTLEY, 1832.

WITH certain letters of credit in his pocket-book, an inkhorn in his pouch, a ream of paper in his portmanteau, and a calm determination to fill it before his return to England, our author reaches Amsterdam on the 24th of June, 1830; and lo! about the 31st of October in the same year, finds himself again in London, having, in the space of four months, travelled over Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Prussia and Saxony! And now a bulky volume is presented to us, for no other reason that we can discover, except the laudable desire on Mr. Elliot's part to pay his travelling expenses.

We do not mean to say that Mr. Elliot's book is not readable; but ere it stand any chance of complete perusal, it will be necessary to find some one who has never happened to meet with a single book of travels in the countries so hastily visited by our author. But there is a class of readers who, either from a defect of memory, or an earnest desire to authenticate the previous statements of others, are never weary of volumes of this description. To such we especially recommend this volume.

CALABRIA, DURING A MILITARY RESIDENCE OF THREE YEARS; IN A SERIES OF LETTERS. BY A GENERAL OFFICER OF THE FRENCH ARMY. FROM THE ORIGINAL M.S. EFFINGHAM WILSON, 1832.

THE volume before us consists of a series of Letters addressed by a French Officer to his father, during a period of three years, viz. from November, 1807, to October, 1810. The title-page of the work gives us to understand that they were written by a General Officer of the French Army. This statement, which may be true, is, nevertheless, calculated to deceive the public. The boyish epistles of Sir Arthur Wellesley might, with equal propriety, be published as a series of letters by Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington.

The period of our author's residence in the Calabrias, however prolific of interesting events—from the abdication of Joseph to the accession of Murat, and from thence until the abandonment of his expedition against Sicily—is one upon which the writer expends very little additional information. The battalion to which he belonged was sent into the Calabrias for the purpose of exterminating the brigands, and the present letters are devoted almost exclusively to a description of the wild and romantic country through which he passed from Naples to Reggio.

We have no doubt whatever of the faithfulness with which the author has sketched his descriptions, although we cannot pay him the compliment to call them vivid, as the translator in his preface has chosen to designate them. The reader will, however, be repaid by a perusal of these letters; and when it is remembered how little of this wild and mountainous region is known, we may well be grateful for any account of a country endeared to us by so many classical associations.

MANUAL FOR EMIGRANTS TO AMERICA. BY CALVIN COTTON, A. M. OF AMERICA. WESTLEY AND DAVIS, 1832.

A LITTLE book worth the perusal of those who feel the necessity of leaving the homes of their fathers to seek a better fortune on the other side of the Atlantic. We would, however, advise the author, should the public demand a second edition, to deal somewhat more in a matter-of-fact way; and to omit many of those very general remarks which are better suited to such professional works as school geographies and gazetteers.

A little more attention to consistency would, also, not be amiss. For instance, we are told in one place, that “the government of the Canadas is, probably, the best and most grateful of any of the British provinces in the world;” and he proceeds to inform us, that the government at home has endeavoured to remove, as much as possible, all occasion of dissatisfaction, and to make their own subjects contented with a comparison of their own condition with that of their neighbours of the United States. And yet in another place he tells us, that from present probabilities, the number of emigrants to the Canadas in the present year, (1832), will be not less than 100,000; of whom much more than a moiety, he considers, will pass directly through the Canadas to the United States, principally from the disappointments and discouragements they are likely to meet with on their first arrival.

We have a right to expect more minute information than we meet with under the head of “The Value of Labour and General Expenses of Living in the United States,” which are not to be comprised in three small pages; and we think there is very little use in informing the emigrant, although the truth of the assertion cannot be questioned, “that if a man disburses £5 a week for his food, lodging, clothing, and other needful comforts, and receives for his services £15, he can lay up 10!”

THE EXTRAORDINARY BLACK BOOK. LONDON: EFFINGHAM WILSON, 1832.

THE Black Book is, indeed, “an Encyclopedia of English Politics.” We know of no work which contains so vast a body of information alike useful to all classes—from a “Patriot King” to the industrious operative. The present edition is greatly enlarged, and the errors unavoidable in a work of this nature and extent have been carefully corrected.

GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY. BY EDWARD JESSE, ESQ. 1 VOL. 8VO.
JOHN MURRAY, 1832.

THE study of natural history is at once a source of delight to the curious, and of satisfaction and comfort to the devout. If a contemplation of the works of nature supply the sceptical physiologist (if such a man there be) with incessant food for reflection, and afford exhaustless objects, whereby the mechanical arts may be improved and increased; how much more important and interesting must the study be to him who beholds in all things—from the wonderful creation of the human being, to the fleeting ephemera of a summer's day—types, and symbols, and proofs of the existence, of the power, and of the mercy of God.

We have been much pleased with Mr. Jesse's little book. In his very modest preface, the author says that his work has no pretensions to science, and fears that its arrangement may be considered defective. There is no cause for any fear of the kind, and we thank Mr. Jesse for his non-pretension to science. Unfortunately, subjects of this nature are often treated too scientifically, and with the exception of "Mr. White's Natural History of Selborne," and "the Journal of a Naturalist," we know of few books that can be put into the hands of those previously ignorant of the subject, with a certainty of their entire perusal.

This small work, however, is calculated to become extensively popular, and we have no fear lest any one should be found to whom any part or portion of the book would be of no interest. If such a being could be detected, we should forthwith proceed to examine, and, if possible, ascertain the idiosyncrasy of the animal; and should eventually class him as one of a genus whose appropriate designation had as yet not been ascertained.

THE RADICAL; AN AUTO-BIOGRAPHY. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MEMBER," &c.
JAMES FRASER. LONDON: 1832.

WHEN a man assumes the ironical, the sarcastic, or the satirical—it is indispensable to his success that he appear to be at home in his new vocation. Mediocrity damns—twaddle extinguishes him. Marsyas was not scourged with a skein of thread, by a palsied elderly person with the cramp in his elbow—neither is Lord Chancellor Brougham to be sneered into insignificance by Mr. Galt.

Two hundred pages of more wretched stuff we never had the misfortune of reading, than the nauseous mixture prepared for us by the author of "The Member." Mr. Nathan Butt, the supposed auto-biographer and "Radical," is no more a radical than an ultra-tory. He is a poor creature, accountable to Mr. Galt for all the nonsense he utters; and they may divide it between them in equal shares, if they are so disposed.

The thing may do well enough as a means of currying favour with the Conservative Club—conservative of its own interests at the expense of the nation; but Mr. Galt may depend upon it that such contemptible trash is welcome to none beside. If the author fondly hopes to impede the progress of a steam engine with a straw, we recommend him to search the stubble for something of a sterner material.

THE ELEMENTS OF MECHANICS. BY J. R. YOUNG. John Souter. 1832.

MR. YOUNG is already well known to the public, as the compiler of several highly esteemed works of arithmetical science. Foreigners are continually boasting of the great inferiority of our works of this kind, compared with their own; and with greater reason, perhaps, of the little progress made among the mass of our countrymen. We must partially admit the truth of the latter stigma, but the fault has been in the enormous expense attendant on the production of such works, contrasted with the outlay required to get them up on the continent.

Mr. Young is entitled to the best thanks, and to the liberal patronage of the public for his labours. He has condensed into a small volume as much as, a few years ago, have occupied four times as much space, and at one-fourth the expense to purchasers.

THE MICROSCOPIC CABINET. BY ANDREW PRITCHARD. LONDON: WHITTAKER & Co. 1832.

THE object of the present work is to describe a number of select Aquatic Laræ of Insects, Crustacea, and Animalcules, and to present accurate delineations of them, as seen through the microscope. The principal merit of the book is this—that it selects a variety of living objects that have never been before described, and depicts faithfully many others that have hitherto been most incorrectly represented.

The plates are beautifully coloured, and the descriptions are elaborately written in a plain and familiar style. The author need not solicit indulgence for any “want of finish” in his writings.

A very excellent memoir on “the Verification of Microscopic Phenomena,” and another “on Microscopes and Engiscopes,” occupy a considerable portion of the volume. They are contributed by Dr. Goring, a gentleman in conjunction with whom Mr. Pritchard published the Microscopic Illustrations.

It will be sufficient to observe, that the present work is in every respect worthy of its predecessor.

A QUEER BOOK. BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD. W. BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH. 1832.

MR. HOGG has published so many queer books in his time, that it is somewhat hard upon the present volume to call it by a name to which many of his previous productions have a much better claim. The worthy shepherd has collected into a very seductive and eye-enticing volume, a variety of poems, of all degrees of merit, except the first; a great many of which we have met with before in Blackwood's Magazine, and in the several annuals to which he has contributed.

Although Mr. Hogg is no more to be compared to Burns, than the latter is to be placed with Shakespeare, yet is the shepherd a man of undoubted genius. It is impossible to read this book without a conviction of his being so. He is gifted with an extraordinary fancy, and with some imagination—but the result of their operation is manifested too often with the vague indistinctness of a feverish dream. His colours are vivid, but he draws a poor picture. There is a world of fine things spoiled in every thing that the shepherd attempts, and he has cultivated a sorry and dismal doggerel instead of a significant and harmonious versification.

Nevertheless, there are many poems in the volume that will repay the reader the expense of the book, and we heartily wish the author success. We fear that the shepherd has hardly found the trade of literature a source of more profit than vexation. If he has, we congratulate him upon it.

THE BIRDS OF EUROPE, BY I. GOULD.

THE Birds of Europe form one of the most interesting portions of Ornithology, that can engage the attention of the student. In defining the birds peculiar to our native island, it is difficult, if not impossible, to draw a line, the boundaries of which shall be strictly circumscribed; but we are, as it were, naturally and unavoidably led by following so many of our own across the channel, as well as by the occasional visits of strangers to our own shores, to break down in our minds the wall of partition, and collect into one view the kindred species—thus making ourselves not only acquainted, in a better sense, with our own birds, but enabling ourselves to follow, through a wider circle, the links by which species and genera are connected. Such is the object of the splendid work, the first part of which is now before us;—a work which we have long desired to see, and which could not have been undertaken by an abler individual than the author of “the Century of Birds from the Himalaya Mountains.” Beautiful as is that work, it is, we affirm, far exceeded by the present, which moreover possesses the double advantage of giving a sheet of most interesting descriptive letter-press with each plate; thus presenting to the student at once the bird and all that science and research have hitherto ascertained respecting it, together with those original remarks which the author's extensive and accurate acquaintance with the subject, so well qualifies him to offer.

In truth to nature and spirited delineation, the plates exceed any thing of the kind as yet offered to the scientific. We select at random the red-legged falcon, as pre-eminently distinguished by ease, vigour, and chasteness of colouring; nor, as we turn the leaves, can we refrain from pausing to admire those most interesting of our summer visitors, the wrynecks; every mark, every fine and mazy line of the plumage, is given with unrivalled exactness, and so felicitous is their attitude, as to speak not only to the eye but the fancy also. We must not attempt to enter into the details of every plate; but, at once, congratulate the author on the success of his labours.

THE CHURCH OF GOD, A SERIES OF SERMONS BY THE REV. R. W. EVANS.
SMITH, ELDER, AND CO.

It is not in our power to do justice to this very able work this month. It arrived after our labours had closed. We have, however, glanced through the volume, and see so much originality of thought and clear comprehensive reasoning throughout, that we cannot help strongly recommending it to our readers.

MONTHLY MAGAZINE AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE old saw,—‘May, early or late, doth make the corn to quake,’ has been fully verified during the present month. It set in, indeed, with the favourable circumstances of a change of wind and of weather, producing an almost instantaneous improvement in vegetation of all descriptions. Unfortunately, however, we were allowed but a few days’ rejoicing at this happy change, when the wind returned to its old chilling and ungenial quarters, continuing but too steadily therein unto nearly the present date; but accustomed as we have been to perpetually succeeding reverses, we dare not entertain much confidence in the continuance of our good fortune in the present improved and mild temperature.

Doubtless considerable mischief will ensue to the crops of all kinds, from the long-continued ungenial state of the weather; yet, after all, perhaps such a long succession of northerly and easterly winds was never known to be attended with so little damage to the crops and fruits of the earth, as in the present spring; and this we attribute chiefly to the present commixture, so to phrase it, of those chilling airs with the mild and vivifying breezes of the south. The blight, in any considerable degree, was first discovered about the middle of last month, when the wheats, particularly, began to assume a yellow and sickly hue, chiefly those upon poor cold soils, though those on the most fertile and in the best heart, were by no means entirely exempt. This affection has of course proceeded since, with its cause, and in those wheats which have suffered most, no doubt but some of the usual atmospheric maladies have taken root, and the *rust* is already conspicuous in many parts. In our next Report, we shall be able to speak more decidedly on this subject. Most of our letters yet give a flattering account of the strength and luxuriance of the wheat plant, rivalled though it be by weeds of equal bulk, and are sanguine as to our prospects of a crop, and an early harvest. One correspondent, however, agrees with our idea in the last Report, that our prospect of great plenty lies rather in the extensive breadth sown, than in the actual produce to be expected.

As we have so often remarked, complaints arrive from every quarter of the country of the tremendous excess of weed vegetation, so detractive from the quantity of the useful and profitable, and so exhausting to the soil; yet we hear nothing from the complainants of any effectual remedy for so fatal a grievance. We were lately amused by the lamentation of an old friend from the south-west, that he had been this season prevented by the weather and other causes from clearing the red weed or poppy from his extensive farm. Now, we recollect to have heard similar complaints and threats of eradication of the self same weed from his grandfather; yet

the poppy has ever since continued a flourishing annual crop upon that farm, though it has never been found in the garden. This, and certain other weeds, peculiar to poor light soils, have probably abounded thereon, from their earliest date of culture, and never can, or will be, eradicated by broad cast husbandry. Much the same may be averred of the couch grass upon soils of another description.

The lent corn has also suffered generally from the blighting effects of the cold winds and drought, waiting for recovery from a steady warm and seasonable temperature. The barley and oats came up very irregularly, part lying dormant in the soil for a great length of time, a prey to birds and insects. Much of the lands in this state will make crops of different growth at harvest, unless a highly genial and beneficial temperature succeed. The barley, both early and late sown, has been much injured by the wire-worm, and the peas by the slug. The breadth of barley is not so extensive this year, as in the last, from the reduction of the price on account of the great quantity of molasses used in the distillery. Oats have become the general substitute for barley. Beans, oats, and tares, are at present deemed the most promising crops. Clover and all sown grasses, retarded by the ungenial temperature, yet promise to be highly productive on a favourable change. The clover being kept back is held to be favourable, as it was very strong and forward, and otherwise might have outgrown and exhausted itself, or have over-run and choked the barley with which it was sown. We are, however, not greatly favourable to double crops, viewing that system as one of the usual deceptions of the old established custom. Comparative experiments are wanted. Of hops we, as yet, hear nothing. The success of the fruit season is said to depend on the future state of the weather, though it cannot have escaped a certain degree of injury; and that important part of it, the apple, is not spoken of in very flattering terms, in the cider countries, where the latter blossoming fruits afford the greatest promise. The culture of potatoes, as well in this country as in Scotland, will be much reduced in the present season, from their late superabundance and unremunerating price. We noticed in our last Report, the strange transition from abundance of winter grass to its equal scarcity in the spring, there being since scarcely a bite for a sheep on May-day, when sheep and cattle were wandering over the lands in a state of half-starvation, in want of their chief support from dry food; that also, so abundant in the early months, nearly exhausted. The accounts from Bedfordshire and its vicinity, are particularly distressing. Backing the oats is now going forward, and the price of the article expected to advance. The culture of turnips, Swedes and common, with the mangel-wurtzel, or field-beet, was completed early in the month, on the forwardest soil, and the whole of the spring crops are in a fair way of an early completion on all. Little or nothing of novelty remains to be detailed concerning live stock. As usual, the markets and fairs are well supplied, and things of the best quality meet a ready sale, though at a price which the feeder universally declares does not render them a sixpence of profit. Pigs, particularly small ones, have again advanced, and in the bacon districts, large stores also are in much request. It is remarked, as usual, that tegs fetch a price equal to that of sheep a year older. English wool is little quoted in the country, but in the metropolis, the foreign meets a ready sale. Emigration is becoming a general resource; but there is a complaint in the country that the most steady and useful labourers migrate, leaving the profligate and useless at home. It is greatly extending also among the farmers, who declare that they cannot live in their own country, and must leave it before the remains of their property shall be absorbed in the general vortex of ruin. The long standing aversion to the tithe system is getting to a great height in the country, and revision is loudly called for; under which, it is confidently said, there lurks a stronger and more pithy term, that of **ABOLITION**.

Misprint in last Report—for Sir Henry *Hankey*, read Sir Henry *Bunbury*.
Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 2d. to 3s. 10d.—Mutton, 4s. 2d. to 4s. 10d.—Lamb, 5s. 6d.—Veal, 4s. 5d.—Pork, 4s. 2d., 5s. 2d., 5s. 8d.—Rough fat, 2s. 10d.
Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 48s. to 74s.—Barley, 24s. to 36s.—Oats, 15s. to 28s.—The London 4lb. loaf, 10d.—Hay, 50s. to 95s.—Clover ditto, 65s. to 120s.—Straw, 30s. to 39s.

Coal Exchange.—Coals, in the Pool, per ton, 14s to 21s.

Middlesex, May 21st.

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